The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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TO *** IN HEAVEN.

BY W. W. MALOTT.

Oh, lips! that never more may press
My own in yearning tenderness;
Oh, eyes! that never more may light
The gloom and darkness of my night;
Oh, heart! whose pulse forever stilled,
Once with my lightest word was thrilled;
How cold and still ye seem to lie,
And wake not at my anguished sigh.

Oh! echo of a tuneful voice,
That never shall my ears rejoice;
Oh! thrilling hand-clasp, warm and true,
And sweet smile frozen where it grew;
Oh! days and nights of bitter pain,
And longings for the Past in vain;
Oh! star of Hope forever set,
O'er bliss remembered to regret.

Oh! feet that tread the Shining Shore;
Oh! tuneful voice heard here no more;
Oh! eyes that here no longer known,
Now view the radiance of His Throne;
Though still my heart does for you yearn,
I would not have you to return;
But I would sleep without a care,
And wake up gladly with you there.

A LETTER AND A DUEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

HARRY EGMONT CAPTURES A SUSPICIOUS LETTER.

It was just a year since Harry Egmont had brought home his bride, she was a celebrated beauty, had been a great belle, perhaps somewhat of a flirt. Although Harry knew that Lucille had married him from the purest affection, he could never wholly rid himself of the demon jealousy—it haunted him perpetually, causing him to imagine that every other man was in love with his wife—which was no wonder perhaps, considering how handsome she was. Lucille did all in her power to make her husband happy, but having no idea how strong his feeling in this matter was, sometimes unconsciously gave ground for suspicion by her conduct.

"How many times has Danforth been here this week, Lucille?" asked Mr. Egmont one evening, coming in with rather a clouded brow—for he had met the obnoxious visitor at the gate.

"Three times, I think," said Lucille, hardly turning from the piano at which she was seated. "Why do you ask?"

Oh for no reason, only I do not fancy the man much, and I wondered how you could like him so well."

Lucille looked around now fairly aroused.

"I don't like him particularly," she said; "but he has such a lovely voice, I do enjoy practicing duets with him. Harry, dear, if you don't fancy him, I won't allow him to come here any more."

As she spoke she left the piano and came to her husband's side, putting out her hand kindly.

"I am a brute!" exclaimed Harry, returning her caresses; "have whoever you please to sing with you; I ought not to interfere."

"Yes, surely you ought, dear, if you think I am the least imprudent in my choice of friends. Do you really dislike Mr. Danforth?"

"Yes, I do, Lucy. I might as well own it, he impresses me disagreeably; more than that, I have heard to-day that he has had one or two disgraceful affairs with married women; so you can imagine I was not very well pleased when I met him at the gate."

A deep flush rose to Mrs. Egmont's handsome face as her husband spoke.

"Mr. Danforth shall not come here any more, if that is his character," she said, decidedly.

"But there is no need of quarreling with him."

"Oh no, he will simply find me 'not at home' when he calls; he will soon understand."

Mr. Egmont, however, advised nothing rash or so pointed as to make an enemy of the man; and after some consultation, a gradual withdrawal of favor was decided upon, rather than an abrupt dismissal.

By contriving to be really out at the hours during which Mr. Danforth generally called, Mrs. Egmont avoided seeing him for several days, and fancied that the matter was quite settled. She was soon to learn that this man was not to be so easily dropped. One afternoon about a week after the conversation with her husband, on returning from a walk Mr. Danforth met Mrs. Egmont almost at her own door, and without rudeness more marked than the occasion warranted, she could not refuse to invite him to enter. It was a bright afternoon in early spring, and as Lucille took off her hat and showed her splendid hair twined into a thousand curls from its slight disorder, and her fair face glowing with exercise, she was so handsome a picture, that no wonder Danforth, a man utterly reckless in love, was tempted beyond his own slight power of resistance.

"I have been unfortunate in not seeing you when I have called lately," he said, seating himself near her.

"Yes," replied Lucille, "this fine weather has tempted me out very frequently."

"Shall we try our duet again?" he asked presently.

"I think not if you please, I am a little tired.

He looked at her, his face flushing at the indifference of her voice.

"Mrs. Egmont," he demanded, "have you avoided me purposely?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Danforth—why should I?"

"Because I love you! Oh, Lucille, it is useless for me keep silent any longer. I love you madly! passionately!" and he threw himself on his knees before her.

"Mr. Danforth!" cried Lucille, starting up in intense indignation, "how dare you so insult me! Leave my house this instant!"

He rose to his feet and confronted her. She with her whole frame quivering with anger, her beautiful eyes flashing, and he looking at her with a wilder admiration than he had ever before felt.

"Oh, listen to me!" he pleaded, "do not reject me so wholly; I will be patient; I will not frighten you again; only let me have a little of your regard—you know there is more sympathy between us than between you and your cold-blooded husband."

"Mr. Danforth!" exclaimed Lucille, grand in her overmastering wrath, "if you do not instantly relieve me from your insulting presence, I will call my servant and have you turned out."

"Think a moment, Lucy," he said; "it is not well to make an enemy of me."

"Will you go, sir, or must I ring?" was her only reply.

"I will go," he answered, taking his hat; "but, Mrs. Egmont, I will be revenged for this treatment! You have encouraged me only to triumph over me, and no woman ever did that unpunished! Recollect this though," he added with a sudden softening of voice; "if you are in trouble come to me, I will help and protect you, for, Lucy, I love you."

Without waiting for a reply he left the room, and Mrs. Egmont sank into the sofa utterly overcome with the violence of her emotions. If her husband had come in then she would probably have thrown herself into his arms and told him all the story of her insult and her anger, her first feeling was so clearly one of intense longing for his sympathies and protection. But as the time went by cooler reflections arose, why should she tell him? It would only make him wretched, perhaps even lead to violence. At this new thought she resolved to keep silence on what had happened, it was surely wiser to guard that as a secret which would distress him so much, and when Mr. Egmont came home his wife met him with her usual smiles.

The immediate result of this was a necessity on which Lucille had not counted. That very evening she and her husband met Danforth at the house of a mutual friend. Her first thought was of intense horror, and that it was impossible that she could meet him as usual, then occurred the reflection that she had no apparent reason for doing otherwise, and as he saluted her and her husband with his ordinary manner she responded, but with so much confusion and such heightened color as attracted the attention of Mr. Egmont and others in the room.

This little incident settled the footing upon which she and Mr. Danforth were henceforth to meet. Lucille bitterly resented the insult she had received, and never saw the man without an angry flush, but she continued to exchange ordinary civilities with him. In a week or two they met at a large party, in the crush Mr. Danforth approached Mrs. Egmont unobserved, and said to her in a low, quick whisper—

"Can we not be friends?"

She turned, and seeing who the speaker was, crimsoned to the temples, and was so evidently agitated that the gentleman on whose arm she leaned released her, fancying, not unreasonably, that she wished to hold some private conversation with this man whose mere presence so excited her.

"Will you accept my escort?" asked Danforth, pressing near to her.

"No," she replied, recovering herself. "Certainly not," and she drew back decidedly."

"Wait one moment," he said, compelling her to listen. "We are observed. I see that you do not wish to create a public scandal. You had better take my arm for a few moments."

Confused and annoyed, Lucille glanced up hastily; half a dozen pair of curious eyes were looking at her, and she, deeming that this was the way to silence remark, rested her fingers on his arm. Alas! her whole manner had betrayed so much feeling that gossip had already seized upon the pretext for discussion, and among those who were watching her most intently was her own husband. All unconscious of this, Lucille walked on with Danforth, every line of her expressive face showing to the most casual observer that this was no mere indifferent conversation.

"You have done wisely, Mrs. Egmont, in not giving cause for remark by visiting me with your displeasure in public. May I hope that you have also been kind enough to forgive me for my imprudence?"

"No," replied Lucille, impetuously. "I have refrained from insulting you in public, because I did not wish to inflict pain upon those I love, not from any forbearance towards you."

Danforth set his teeth tightly as she spoke, and there was an ugly flash in his black eyes.

"I shall not forget your kindness," he said with intense bitterness.

"I will relieve you from your attendance," she replied coldly. "I have no wish to extend our acquaintance beyond the merest formal salutation. You will please remember this in future."

"I shall forget nothing," he said significantly, and with a formal bow he resigned her to a gentleman who approached.

The scene at the ball created very much comment, and Mr. Egmont himself was not happy when he thought of it. He could not fancy Lucille in any manner disloyal, and yet her agitation while talking with this man was certainly very remarkable. The expression of her face as she met Danforth haunted him, and he watched her closely whenever after that they encountered him. He noticed that her color always changed as she returned the salutation of this once favored friend, and he grew unhappy.

One afternoon in June, Mr. Egmont came home unusually early from his business. As he approached his house he saw a boy loungting about the gate. Now, he had noticed the same person more than once of late prowling near his premises, and his suspicions were strongly excited by his presence. He paused a moment, resolving to watch the lad, who did not appear to observe him, and his apprehensions of some sinister design were seemingly confirmed. The boy stood at the gate a moment, then walked out in line of one of the windows and looked anxiously up, finally leaned against a tree for a time, and then once more went to the gate, this time holding a note in his hand. Mr. Egmont strode up to him.

"Now, sir, what do you want?"

The boy was apparently much alarmed at this.

"I—I" he stammered, "was just a waitin'."

"So I saw. Who were you waiting for?"

"I ain't to tell," in great confusion, and dropping the note.

Mr. Egmont picked it up—it was addressed to his wife.

"Were you waiting for Mrs. Egmont?" he asked sternly.

"Ye—es, sir."

Poor Harry had seen the address, and he was as white as a sheet as he handed the boy a dollar and said, "Now tell me the truth, have you brought other notes like this?"

"Yes, sir."

"And who have you given them to?"

"To Mrs. Egmont; she watches for me, and comes out and gets 'em."

"That will do, sir. You may go."

Indeed he felt as if he should faint away and sink down groaning aloud in his agony if he remained there another moment. The boy departed with a cunning leer on his face, and Mr. Egmont took the note to his study, and locking himself in, tore it open. He knew the handwriting from the first glimpse of it; there was no need of any signature to tell him that it was Danforth's. Thus ran the shameful communication:—

"My DARLING LUCILLE—I cannot meet you to-night without exciting too much suspicion. Oh, my love! how I long for the time to come when you will be wholly mine, and we shall no longer fear these wretched restraints; but until then, for your sake, sweetest, I will be prudent. I live on the memory of our last delicious interview, on the hope of that happy day when we shall escape together to a life of liberty.

"Until death, your own devoted, D."

It is hopeless to attempt to describe the mad misery into which the lately happy husband was thrown by this most infamous note. For a while he sat almost stupefied by the weight of his woe; and then starting up, he rushed into the room where his wife sat placidly sewing, and flung it at her feet.

"What is it?" she asked, looking up amazed at his strange entrance, and then seeing how white he was, she too turned pale, repeating in alarm, "Oh, Harry, what is it? What is the matter?"

"Read that!" said he, pointing to the note.

She looked at him, frightened at his fixed stern face, and then took up the letter and slowly read it, the blood rushing back in torrents to her face as she went on.

"What an abominable thing;" she exclaimed. "Where did you get it?"

"How dare you ask me," he cried, furiously. "You know, madam, how you have received these love-letters. Unfortunately for you, this fell into my hands—for I am undeceived. You will return to your father to-night."

"But Harry!" she exclaimed, going towards him, "you surely do not believe—"

"I believe that you are an infamous woman," he replied, harshly. And before she could say another word he left the room, and a moment after left the house.

In another hour, Mr. Wentwood, Lucille's father, sent word to her room that he awaited her in the parlor. Short as was the time since her husband left her, a terrible change had come over Lucille, and the haggard, pale-faced woman who met him seemed to her father scarcely recognizable, as the fair young daughter who had left his house so happily a year ago. She met his stern questioning only with passionate protestations of her innocence; these were hard to believe until she told the whole story of Danforth's insulting addresses to her and his threat of vengeance.

"I understand how it is," sobbed Lucille, "he has written this horrible letter on purpose to compromise me. But, oh, father, how can I persuade Harry of my truth."

She was in such an agony of distress, that Mr. Wentwood speedily became instead of the judge the consoler, and promised to convince his son-in-law of Lucille's innocence, being so fully persuaded of it himself that he began to fancy this an easy task. Somewhat consoled, Lucille and he awaited Egmont's return with what patience they could—but the evening passed away and still he did not come. Lucille grew very anxious, and then desperately alarmed. Mr. Wentwood himself was apprehensive of some calamity, and at last started out in search of the missing man. His first inquiries were at the hotel where Danforth lodged. Yes Mr. Egmont was there, in the room of Captain Brooks. Mr. Wentwood immediately sent up his name. And after a long delay, Captain Brooks appeared. His face was very grave, and Mr. Wentwood felt that his worst apprehensions were to be verified. There was a long and anxious consultation between the two. And when they parted, Mr. Wentwood took a carriage and drove with what speed was possible back to his daughter's house. Lucille came forward to meet him, wan and worn with her long and terrible night vigil.

"Wrap something warm about you, Lucille, and come with me," said Mr. Wentwood, hastily.

"Harry!" she gasped, "he is not hurt?"

"No, he is well—and we may yet be in time to save him. He and Danforth are to fight at sunrise."

It seemed as if Lucille could not grow any paler, and yet a shade of ashen gray overspread her face; with a mighty effort of self-control, she restrained all outward manifestation of her agony, and seizing a large cloak, went out swiftly to the carriage.

In the gray dawn of the summer morning, in a lonely spot on a secluded river bank stood four men, their purpose in utter and horrible contrast with the peaceful scene around them. The seconds measured the distance, and just as the first golden rays of sunlight stole over the hill tops, Egmont and Danforth confronted each other with murder in their hearts. They were both very white—Danforth, who had not calculated on such a result of his folly, looked uneasy and alarmed; Egmont's expression was resolute, while a fierce fire glowed through the hopeless misery of his eyes.

"One, two, three, fire!"

The fatal words dropped out one by one, and as the last was pronounced the sharp sound of two pistol shots broke the stillness, followed almost simultaneously by a woman's scream—no one heeded that, for Danforth had fallen.

The two seconds went up to him, his face was convulsed with agony, and he lay lividly haggard on the grass, his eyes glazed, his hands twitching.

"My God! have I killed him?" Egmont groaned out the words in anguish; a moment ago he longed for the man's life-blood, now that he saw it flowing he was distressed. At the sound Danforth opened his eyes.

"It was a written lie," he gasped. "Listen all of you, you especially, Egmont. I am a dying man, and I swear to you as I hope to be forgiven, your wife is innocent." He paused a moment, convulsed with pain. "No, don't go, you can't help me, and I want you all to hear. Stoop lower. I wrote that note to compromise her; she gave me no encouragement, but I loved her, and hoped to force her to come to me. God forgive me!"

Unnoticed by all Lucille had approached the spot and paused by her husband's side. Danforth she was first to see her.

"She is there!" he said, stirred to sudden life. "Lucille, will you pardon me?"

Egmont turned and looked at his wife. In the deep earnestness of that glance all was explained, all forgiven, and he drew his arm around her as he answered for her.

"The punishment is heaviest on you, Danforth. God knows we both forgive whatever harm you have done."

But the fallen man was already unconscious, and leaving him in charge of the seconds, Harry returned with Lucille and her father to his home. He had thought never to re-enter it with her, but as he pressed his wife to his heart in recovered happiness she was dearer than ever before.

Danforth did not die, the wound proved not even to be very serious, and so well was the affair managed that the secret of the cause of his illness was unknown beyond a few faithful friends.

Cleanse the Skin.

It is a curious fact, illustrating the necessity of cleanliness, and of keeping the pores of the skin open, that if a coat of varnish or other substance impervious to moisture be applied to the exterior of the body, death will ensue in about six hours. The experiment was once tried on a child at Florence. On the occasion of Pope Leo the Tenth's accession to the papal chair, it was desired to have a living figure to represent the Golden Age, and so a child was gilded all over with varnish and gold leaf. The child died in a few hours. If the fur of a rabbit or the skin of a pig be covered with a solution of India rubber in naphtha, the animal ceases to breathe in a couple of hours.

TO J. W., ESQ.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Over the water, one heart is your keeping,
God speed the bark that shall bear you away,
Angels watch over you waking and sleeping—
Christ and His love be your guide while you stay.
Thousands of childish eyes watch you departing,
Such as your Master loved, simple and true;
Young hearts drawn heavenward through your imparting,
Taught to love Jesus, through first loving you.

Over the water, oh calm be the billows;
May He who stilled Galilee's tempest be there!
Thinking of you as they press their tired pillows,
Children will murmur your name in a prayer.
"God keep him safe—bring him back!" is the yearning
That rises like flame from the altar of love,
Lighted in gratitude, in faith kept burning,
A chain linked on earth, with a rivet above.

Over the water warm welcome awaits you,
Grateful men hail you their true Christian friend—
Ready to work in a cause that elates you,
Believing and living the faith you defend?
Action and energy, true Christian principles—
God casts out sluggards as water milk-warm—
Onward and forward must press Christ's Invincibles,
The kingdom of Heaven is taken by storm!

Over the water, how gladly we'll greet you
When the old ocean's waves bound towards our shore.
Thousands of childish eyes sparkling to meet you,
Will laugh with delight that the journey is o'er.
But we, rememb'ring the interests that move you,
Must freely acknowledge your pleasure our gain;
You carry the hopes of the many that love you—
We pray Christ to bless you, again and again!

PRACTICAL NOTES
FOR
FUTURE CALIFORNIA TOURISTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY A LADY.

Having just returned from a trip across the Continent, my head and heart are full of many hints that I feel might be of service to those anticipating the same journey. My first impulse was to address myself to ladies only, but on second thought I feel I should be breaking out in some unguarded moment to gentlemen also. Therefore, my reader, be you of either sex, should you be sufficiently interested to journey in spirit with me, consider me a friend for the hour, having a social chat with you.

I fancy you have read and heard much of the wonders of California, of the great beauty of the Yo-Semite, of the big trees, of the geysers, &c., and have felt it would be a joy to look upon them. So much has been written descriptive of them by far abler pens than mine, I will leave the picture others have drawn for your thoughts to dwell upon, and endeavor to keep in the practical line, telling you the best and easiest way to accomplish your journey with the least fatigue. Not being a newspaper correspondent, looking for nothing in return from proprietors of hotels, or lines of public travel, I shall freely express my opinions, endeavoring to set prejudice one side.

You will be advised by most to appropriate three months for the trip, and it would be well so to do. Many, however, are not able to devote that length of time to it. To them I say it can be done in two months—in fact, in seven weeks, for we did it. In that time we travelled seven thousand miles in cars, four hundred by stage, one hundred on horseback, and we still live, are in good health, weigh as much as before, and are ready to take up the thread of home life. This may appear too hurried for enjoyment, but that depends on yourself. I have had a world of pleasure crowded in these weeks, and would ever regret declining to go for so short a time, waiting for the future that might never come.

There is a diversity of opinion upon the proper season for seeing California to the best advantage. From the first to the middle of May, I think the best, for you can visit many places, leaving the Yo-Semite till the latter part of the time, when the snows will have melted and travelling commenced. The country around San Francisco is then not so dry.

You will require some good plain travelling clothes. To the ladies I would say, put some few "fixings" into your trunk, so as to present a neat appearance when at the hotel in San Francisco; and above all things take some warm wraps, such as you wear at home in November—for you will need them continually while in San Francisco. On your journey the fewer ruffles, flounces, &c. you have, the neater you will be at the end. Remember you journey on night and day, and have to get your toilet through as best you can. By all means take a linen overdress in case of dust. It is as indispensable as a gentleman's duster coat. I found a linen Garibaldi very useful. I wore them quite constantly. One can change a waist back of the drapery that protects you during sleeping hours, and with the change of weather find it quite convenient. Then a skirt of linen, buttoning up the entire front, is easily taken off or put on, and with a circular cape to match, makes a complete suit. I also found a linen hood, with cape attached, as children wear their red riding hoods, most excellent for protecting hair and neck from dust. All these little things add much to the comfort of one on so long a ride.

The majority of the gentlemen travelled in fancy linen shirts and mixed suits. The wearers of full beards gave varied side glances to their brothers with beards a few days old, as these unshaved ones sighed for a barber; but railroad travel gives a better display of dispositions than dress, and one falls into a very indifferent mood.

It is wisest to accept all things in as harmonious a spirit as possible, though you find as many different temperaments as there are routes to travel, and they are legion. Shall you take a lunch basket? Yes, I would answer—not a large one, but a moderate-sized one, with some staple articles, it is no trouble and may be a great comfort; though I would say to all, jump out at the regular call, "twenty minutes for eating," and though there may be little to tempt you, it keeps you in some regularity, and better prepares you for constant travel.

You may fancy some special route, though the chances are you will change your mind daily before starting. Whichever you decide upon, it is likely you will leave a parting blessing (?) as you leave the train.

We started from Philadelphia, making St. Louis our first point, going from there to Kansas City, where we took the Kansas Pacific Railroad. I had set my heart on seeing two things in crossing the plains—wild Indians and buffaloes. So we selected this route, that the wish might be fulfilled, and were not disappointed.

At Denver, the terminus of this road, we made our second point. Here we took carriage and drove up to Idaho, Georgetown, &c., giving four days to seeing the gold and silver mines—and visiting the great Burleigh tunnel, which is being bored, by means of compressed air, one thousand feet into the mountain, and is eight hundred feet below the surface of the earth.

While on this trip, we first realized the effect of the mountain atmosphere. Denver City is six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and there the air seemed charged with electricity. Coming in from a walk, and taking off a woollen garment, it is full of electric sparks. There must be a vast amount of "sparking" done there.

In ascending to Georgetown, which is eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, I left the carriage for a walk. The flowers had been tempting me with sweetest looks to notice them, and they were beautiful—we counted forty-eight different varieties in our morning's ride. Having walked over Mount Washington, and tramped about the Alps, I thought me quite able to keep pace with the carriage, particularly as the driver seemed wonderfully careful of his horses, stopping them every few moments. I soon found myself breathing with some difficulty, and did not feel like wasting breath in words. Presently I commenced to pant, and to feel a strange sensation in my head. I said, "Wait—for—me—I—don't—want—to walk—any more—just now." Whereupon the driver, who had been so merciful to his beasts, grew merciful to me; though I think he felt a pleasure in seeing my breathless condition. The effect was noticed by all the party. We felt drowsy, wanting to sleep, though a few said that quite the contrary was their experience.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUG. 12, 1871.

The Disinfecting and Watering of Streets.

It has often been proposed, with a view of preventing dust, and removing bad odors from the streets of large cities, to add some substance to the water which would attract moisture from the atmosphere, so as to keep the pavement damp. This method has been most successfully tried in London and Liverpool, not only with regard to the effect produced, but also in reference to the expense, which was very much lessened.

The substance used was the chloride of calcium. By the use of one and a half tons daily in solution, a saving of ten carts was made, which, in addition to the water saved, made a saving of over twenty dollars a day. For the better disinfection of the decomposed matter of the streets, Prof. Gambee has proposed the addition of chloride hydrate of aluminium. We think that a trial of the above would not be out of place in some of the dirty streets of lower New York, or the dusty parts of Philadelphia.

A Soldier's Faithful Dog.

I wandered over the battle-field of Vionville. There lay the body of a captain of the 69d infantry; his faithful dog was the mourner. There he lay, close to the fallen, licking his wounds, and howling piteously. No one dared to approach; this I heard from the guardians of the wounded. The dog had followed his master into battle; now he would not be parted from him by death. There he lay, all day long; neither father, mother, wife, nor child were permitted to keep this mournful watch: only the dog was there to the last. This is one of the creatures to which man's pride attributes neither thought nor soul—merely instinct. Contrast the dog with the harpies too well known on the battle-field.

MASONIC BALL AT CAPE MAY.—We are indebted to Mr. Hassler for a ticket to the Grand Masonic Ball at Cape May, on the 7th. No doubt those festively inclined had a grand "hop" upon that occasion. The object of the Ball was to aid in building a Masonic Temple at Cape May.

☞ BRAINS AND IGNORANCE.—The range of human knowledge has increased so enormously that no brain can grapple with it; and the man who would know one thing well, must have the courage to be ignorant of a thousand and one other things, however attractive or however inviting.

☞ DARK HAIR.—Dark hair, so long neglected and despised, is again in the ascendant. The blonde is gradually resuming her place side by side, not above, the brunette. The blonde is now declared to have maintained her rule so long by variety of artifice, and can, now that her cunning devices are known, be classified as follows: The Gothic Irish (reddish), the Saxon English (dark yellow), the little ridiculous blonde (short, curly, golden), the cephalic blonde (orange tint), and the lymphatic blonde (pale straw color). Amongst all these, the cephalic orange-golden has always been considered the most to be dreaded by men who seek for peace of mind, a calm life, and a happy end.

☞ Arthur Helps, in his new volume on "War and Culture," says women are, in many things, our superiors, in many things our inferiors—our equals never. I hold, with Coleridge, that there are souls masculine and souls feminine. If I were suddenly asked to give a proof of the goodness of God to us, I think I should say that it is most manifest in the exquisite difference he has made between the souls of men and women; so as to create the possibility of the most comfortable and charming companionship that the mind of man can imagine.

DEATH OF PHEBE CARY.—About six months have elapsed since the death of Alice Cary, and now we have to chronicle the death of her equally gifted sister, Phebe. She was about 46 years of age.

The following is perhaps the finest of her productions—and a poem that will probably endure for centuries:—

NEARER HOME.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

But the waves of that silent sea
Roll dark before my sight,
That brightly the other side
Break on a shore of light.

O, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink,
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think,

Father, perfect my trust,
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the Rock of a living faith.

A LEGEND OF CAPE MAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA HOUSE,
Cape May, N. J.

Dear Post:—I have got such a nice ghost story for you! A veritable Legend of Cape May.

One day, desiring to take a drive with my lovely and beloved companion, Miss C. M——, I sent for a carriage and we set out.

The morning was fine, our spirits good, our carriage easy, the roads smooth, and our charioteer a cultivated, intelligent man, whose pleasant replies to our manifold questions soon drew us into an animated conversation. He had been pointing out to us some places of interest.

"Pray," said I, "do you know anything of a house in this vicinity—a rather large, two-story mansion, in a very picturesque state of dilapidation? The stucco has fallen from the walls, exposing a rough brown surface underneath. The windows are broken, the shutters hanging by a single hinge, the steps cracked and half-hidden in grass, the orchard-trees moss-grown, garden flowers struggling for a sickly, ungenial existence in a wilderness of gigantic reeds, the palings torn away to allow free access to pigs and boys."

Mr. C—— smiled. "Oh! yes," said he, "I recognize your description. I know the house well."

"It looks like a haunted house," said I, eagerly. "It has a legend, has it not?"

"Well—yes," said he, slowly.

"Oh! pray tell us all about it," we exclaimed; and Mr. C—— checking his horses into a more leisurely pace, turned half round on his seat, and began:

"Many years ago, a vessel called The Rose-in-bloom, sailed from England with passengers for the United States. Most of them were people of means, who intended to settle in the new country. Off this coast they were taken in a terrible storm, and the Rose-in-bloom ran ashore. The crew took to the boats, leaving the helpless passengers to their fate. But their selfish cruelty did not avail them much; the boats were swamped, and all in them perished.

"At a little after daybreak, a boat put off from the shore for the wreck—but with no intent of mercy. Three hardened desperadoes made their way to the vessel, and found some of the passengers dead, others nearly so, and they completed the work of the wind and waves. Plunder was their object, and they went at it ruthlessly. A shoemaker, who had sold his small possessions, and kept his money in a leathern belt round his waist, was stabbed, and the belt cut away. A young and beautiful lady, wore on her hand several costly rings. It was difficult to draw the rings from her fingers, swollen with wet and cold—they cut her hand off at the wrist. Having secured every article of value they could find, they returned to the land, leaving the waves to give shroud and burial to the dead, while they divided their evil gains."

"Well—go on, please."

"There is little more to tell. The house you describe, was built by the ringleader of the gang, with a portion of the money obtained from the wreck. But people whispered after awhile, of strange sights and sounds there, and that the house was by no means a comfortable abode for persons who like to lie quietly in their beds. Sometimes the noise of a shoemaker's hammer was heard at midnight in the best bed-room; and sometimes, a pale, beautiful woman would glide from room to room, holding up a bleeding wrist, from which the hand had been lopped off."

"And do you believe these statements?"

"These things happened long before my time," said Mr. C——, "but it is a singular fact, that of the three houses built by the plunderers of the Rose-in-bloom, one was struck by lightning, one was burned down, and the one you have seen, remained for many years uninhabited. A short time ago, however, it was opened and put in repair. I do not think you would know it again. There it is," continued he, as we turned a curve in the road, pointing at the house with his whip.

Know it again! No, *indeed*. Never was a more thorough transformation. The garden was cleared of weeds, the palings renewed and painted, the orchard-trees pruned and whitewashed, the steps freed from grass, the windows glazed, the shutters new-hung, and, oh! horror of horrors—the whole front of the house was colored a *bright salmon-pink*. I looked at it in dismay. The picturesque old place which had been a picture in my brain for years!

"I give it up," said I, faintly. "I would not mind sleeping there myself. Surely, no respectable Ghost would condescend to haunt a house which has been colored *Salmon-Pink*."

So we drove home with another illusion demolished.

And now I am looking at shore and sea, with a very—"And must I leave thee, Paradise?" sort of feeling. Soon, too soon, Cape May enjoyments will be numbered with the things that have been. The walks, the rides, the pleasant evening circle—aye, even dear, Mrs. Griffith's delicious home-made bread and matchless clam fritters, will be among the "Pleasures of Memory." Adieu.

ANNA AMARANTH.

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR of "Joyce Dormer's Story."

CHAPTER XIX.

SOCIETY AT MISS PYECROFT'S.

Either the gentlemen came in from the dining-room much earlier than usual, or the Neris were late in coming, for the whole party had assembled in the drawing-room when the door opened, and Signor Neri and his sister entered.

Diana watched to see what effect their entrance would produce, and was gratified to perceive that both Mrs. Seaton and Mrs. Crawford gave an almost imperceptible start of surprise as the dignified figure of the Signora, in her heavy, sweeping dress, advanced towards Miss Pyecroft.

Diana herself was surprised—her ideas were more than carried out: the foreign cut of the dress, and the rich lace that adorned it, suited so well with the sweet, calm face of the Signora, whom she had hitherto seen only in very homely attire. She turned to Charles Stanfield, who was looking over some views with her, and asked—

"Is she not charming?"

Charles Stanfield had, as a matter of course, taken Diana in to dinner; and had for once roused himself from his usual apathy, and had actually become interested in the conversation of a young lady.

His father glanced at him, from time to time, in great amazement. Diana was not nearly so handsome as Miss Wardlaw; she had no color, and her hair was tawny yellow, which the captain considered the ugliest shade of light hair. He doubted if he should have noticed her himself, had he been a young man; and here was Charles thoroughly absorbed in what she was saying.

"Is she not charming?" repeated Diana.

"Very. A foreigner, I suppose," answered Charles Stanfield.

"Yes; she is an Italian. She and her brother have lived in Broadmead for ages—long before I came here."

"That must have been an age ago," said Charles Stanfield, smiling.

"More than thirteen years since. I could not speak very good English then."

Charles Stanfield looked puzzled.

"Oh, I am English," said Diana; "only I was born in India, and was with native servants; so I understood less English than Hindoostanee."

"Can you speak Hindoostanee now?"

"Only a few words—I have forgotten almost all. It might come to me again, if I ever went back to India, and heard people talking. Now, I only remember the stories I used to hear, and I remember them in English; for they have translated themselves into my thoughts, and so I no longer have them in the original."

"And I suppose, also, that the acquiring other languages has helped to drive it away? Young ladies are so learned in these days."

A deep crimson spread over Diana's face—the deficiencies of her education seemed vividly brought up before her. Mr. Stanfield was almost the first person from the great outside world with whom she had met; and no sooner had he stepped within the narrow limits of Broadmead society, than he made her feel her own shortcomings. Would it be so when John Carteret came back; and would he, too, feel how defective she was in education?

Charles Stanfield, witnessing the sudden flush, felt uncomfortable at having said anything to call it up. Nevertheless, he could not help thinking how pretty it made her look; for her face showed no sign of annoyance—it simply wore a perplexed, sorrowful look, as she raised her eyes, shyly and deprecatingly.

"I am afraid that I am very ignorant. I have not learned any languages. I know just a few words of Italian, from my *maestro* and his sister; but that is all. I am very sorry."

And the last words were spoken in such a sincere tone of regret, that they sounded quite like an apology.

"I have no doubt that you know as much as most young ladies, notwithstanding," returned Charles Stanfield, consolingly; "for they forget all their learning after they have left school."

"Do they?" inquired Diana, thoughtfully. "I don't know any young ladies."

Charles Stanfield did not offer her any consolation upon that point, as his experience of young ladies had not been favorable.

"Perhaps I am doing them injustice," he added, "and have not given attention enough to the subject."

He was beginning to find it a pleasanter study than he had imagined; but then, as he thought, he had never met with any one exactly like Diana. Everything she said or did was done and said so naturally, that there was a reality about it that was new to him in his intercourse with society. Possibly, this might have been his own fault, as he had generally avoided talking to ladies.

The Signora's eye fell upon Diana. She noticed the blush, and she noticed the evident interest of the young man. She remembered the words she had spoken to Diana, and she wondered if Diana also remembered them; but the next moment her doubts and fears were scattered, as Diana came forward to greet her.

"You look lovely, Signorina—better even than in my dream. Come and sit down by me; and my *maestro* must come too, for Mr. Stanfield tells me that he has been in Italy," she said, turning to Charles Stanfield, who had contrived, in the general movement caused by the arrival of the Neris, not to lose his position by Diana. "My *maestro*—Signor Neri, I mean—will be charmed to talk with you about Italy. And will you get a cup of coffee for Signora Neri?"

Miss Pyecroft, according to ancient custom at Brierly House, was pouring out tea and coffee herself; and Charles Stanfield, having obeyed Diana's orders, employed his strategic abilities in keeping near to her without seeming in the way; and Captain Stanfield continued to watch with increasing surprise. For Charles did not appear in the least degree awkward or absorbed to-night. He had awaked, as Lady Pechford had foreseen he might; and he had not awaked, as some people do, with a drowsy half perception of things as they seem to be, but with a full, clear knowledge of all that was going on.

Diana was still thinking over her confession to him; and it struck her that it might, perchance, reflect discredit upon Jasper.

"You must not think, Mr. Stanfield, that it is my guardian's fault that I have learned so little, for Mr. Seaton will let me do just as I like. He is very good. It is almost absurd to think of him as a guardian. I was a very unruly child, Mr. Stanfield—a sort of half-heathen."

And again she looked up, as if in apology for her demerits—though Charles Stanfield was rapidly coming to the conclusion that she had no need to apologize. At the same time, there was something very novel and pleasant in the proceeding.

"Jasper," said Diana, as Jasper Seaton passed near her, "come here—you have forgotten something."

"What is it, Di?" he asked.

And Charles Stanfield felt a curious sensation, even as John Carteret had more than once done.

"You have forgotten something."

"Yes, Di—what is it?"

"Just think for one moment. Something very important, that I entrusted to your care."

"Ah, yes! What a short memory I have."

And he turned away; but not before Charles Stanfield, with sharpened intuition, had read his secret.

In a few moments, Jasper returned with a beautiful bouquet, which Diana, taking from him, placed in Signora Neri's hands.

"There," she said, in a low tone, "you would not have the fan, and something bright was wanted to carry out the effect of the costume. Signorina, it is perfect. Mrs. Seaton is already envying your lace."

"*Carissima*, I thank you," said Signora Neri, aloud.

"You need not thank me—you must thank Jasper. He is quite a miser with the very choice flowers. There was only one of this kind—the finest that ever grew upon the plant; but he let me cut it for you."

"I thank Mr. Seaton also," said Signora Neri.

But Jasper had gone away, and could not receive her thanks. And Signor Neri came up, and the conversation turned upon Italy.

Diana did not take part in it; and she fell into a placid, listening state, wherein scraps of conversation from all corners of the room seemed to be jumbled up together in a sort of aural kaleidoscope; and suddenly she heard the words, "Peckford," "Linthorp," and then she roused herself and hoped to hear more. It was Captain Stanfield who was speaking; and she almost thought she heard the word "Carteret." Perhaps the Stanfields had been at Linthorp. She knew that they had been travelling about in England for some months. But the more intently she listened, the less she seemed to hear, and the hum of voices grew confused and indistinct; and yet she felt sure that Captain Stanfield and Jasper were talking about John Carteret. At that moment, Miss Pyecroft came up.

"We must ask you to enliven us with a little music—vocal or instrumental, as you please. Signor Neri, will you also favor us?"

"Which do you like, Mr. Stanfield?" asked Diana.

"Both."

"That is no answer."

"I like singing very much—and—"

"Well, then, singing first, and then our *sinfonia, maestro*. No one sings or plays at Broadmead but my *maestro* and myself," she explained to Charles Stanfield. "I am proud of my *maestro*, and he of me. I have learned to play and to sing also."

And again Diana's voice, as she looked up, assumed an apologetic, half-pleading intonation; and Signora Neri cast a scrutinizing glance from behind her bouquet, wondering whether incipient womanhood were teaching her *carissima* her power.

Diana sang—and not only Charles Stanfield listened, but the captain also. He had not heard such singing for a long time. It was better than Miss Wardlaw's, though here was more than good. What could it be?—for Diana's voice was scarcely so powerful.

Perhaps, if John Carteret had been there, he would have told him that Miss Wardlaw sang scientifically with her voice, Diana with her heart and soul.

And to-night, as she had told Signor Neri, she was in one of her inspired moods; and she not only sang, but played the accompaniment to Signor Neri's violin, with a precision and brilliancy that astonished even her *maestro*. And the violin happening to be the instrument that of all others, delighted the captain, he—forgetting time, place, and losing all sense of the frigid atmosphere of Miss Pyecroft's drawing-room—drew closer and closer, in intenser admiration, until, at the close, he clapped his hands, and cried "*encore*." And, thus recalled by the sound of his own voice, he said—

"Pardon me; but I have been so enchanted that I quite forgot where I was."

Dr. Crawford laughed heartily; and Jasper Seaton said—

"Signor Neri, you and Diana have given us a great treat to-night."

Diana looked up, with a grateful little smile. It was very considerate and graceful of Jasper to give her *maestro* the first place.

Jasper smiled back again.

And Charles Stanfield was inclined to misinterpret the smiles.

"*Maestro*," said Diana, catching Captain Stanfield's enthusiasm, "it shall be *encore*, but not with the same piece."

And she selected another—a brilliant fantasia on well-known airs, arranged by Signor Neri himself.

Again Captain Stanfield listened; and, as the old familiar tunes twisted themselves out of the sparkling entanglement that Signor Neri had thrown around them, his feelings were wrought to a pitch of ecstatic admiration.

Now and then, Diana caught a glimpse of the glowing face of the honest-hearted listener, and she played in unison with it; and Signor Neri's genius, too, flashed up in the presence of an appreciative listener.

"You have heard Paganini," said Captain Stanfield, grasping Signor Neri's delicate hand, and shaking it heartily—"you have heard him. I know it by one especial movement."

"The wonder, the marvel, the one scarcely human player—I have heard him in mine own Italy—in my young days, when all the romance was around him, and people believed strange stories, as did I; for it seemed so fitting to him. Yet they were not true. Ah, yes, I have heard Paganini!"

"And I must thank you too," said Captain Stanfield, turning to Diana. "I ought to have done so first; but I have a weakness for the violin—it is to me the instrument above all others."

"Ah, no! it is just as it should be. *My maestro* is so far above me; but he teaches me to soar. Thank you for liking it so much," she added, with a touch of her old childish manner. "I am glad to play for you."

"Who is the young lady?" asked the captain of Dr. Crawford.

"Diana Ellis, a ward of Jasper Seaton's. Her father died in India. No connexion of the Seatons, I believe; but it was an odd fancy to make such a mere youth as Jasper was the guardian."

"Ellis! India!" repeated Captain Stanfield, "Not Robert Ellis, surely, who died at Calcutta. I knew Robert Ellis well."

"What Ellis was Di's father, Jasper?" asked Dr. Crawford.

"Captain Ellis, of the 199th," answered Jasper, turning to the piano again.

"Of course—it's the same; and I stood godfather to his child—let me see—about eighteen years ago, I should think."

"This will be the girl probably—Diana."

"I don't remember the name, for I was godfather to half the daughters of the regiments stationed in the Presidency at the time."

"Di," said Dr. Crawford, "come here. I have found an old friend for you."

Diana, with incredulous eyes, came to see what Dr. Crawford meant.

"I find that your father was an old friend of mine," said the captain; "and that you must be my little goddaughter. I am afraid I have not done my duty by you, to have lost sight of you for so many years."

Diana put her hand into the kindly one outstretched to her, and felt a sudden sense of some overshadowing good; yet, at the same time, it revived some of the vague wonderings of her childish days as to whether she might not have been altogether better and less heathenish if she had known that she had a godfather. It would certainly have been a satisfaction to herself and Dolly if she could clearly have pointed to one.

"I'm afraid that I have not carried out all the promises you made for me," said Diana, smiling, as she remembered some episodes concerning the Catechism.

"The captain looked a little puzzled.

"Never mind, my dear, I have forgotten what promises I made; so we are quits on that score. I suppose I haven't done my duty, but I must try to do it better for the future; and you must take me as a friend, in spite of it all. Will you?"

Yes, she would have taken him for a friend on the strength of his honest face, even if she had not been already predisposed in his favor by his enthusiasm at her *maestro's* playing. She had a curious sense of an accession of propriety in having found a godfather. She was somehow glad of it for John Carteret's sake; though why, she could not explain to herself. Then she recalled the words—"Pechford," "Linthorp;" and wished she had courage enough to ask Captain Stanfield if he had been at Linthorp lately, and all about it; but she felt too conscious. And then Miss Pyecroft asked her to sing again; and, oddly enough, she chose the piece that Miss Wardlaw had sung at Lady Pechford's; and the strange feeling of elation that had crept over her gave her yet further inspiration to sing her best to-night.

"She sings better even than Miss Wardlaw!" ejaculated the captain, involuntarily, as she concluded. He had been comparing the two throughout the evening.

"And who is Miss Wardlaw? Some new star in the musical world?" inquired Dr. Crawford.

Charles Stanfield laughed.

"Oh, no; only a young lady at Linthorp, whom my father admires immensely."

At Linthorp! Diana, pretending to be engrossed with her music books, listened attentively.

"She's the handsomest girl I ever saw," said the captain, energetically; "and I'm not the only person who thinks so. Trust curates for looking after girls with looks and money. If a man wants to marry well, he has nothing to do but to go into the Church, and take advantage of his opportunities—especially if he's a handsome curate, like the one there is at Linthorp. He might marry a duchess if he chose."

Diana nearly dropped the book she was holding, and she felt her heart give a leap. Yet what had that to do with John Carteret?

Jasper, watching Diana, yet not appearing to do so, advanced, and made some casual remark to the effect that watering-places were excellent fields for curates; when Captain Stanfield, looking round, said—

"By the way, you know the curate to whom I allude."

"I," said Jasper, seemingly in surprise; "no, I think not. The only person I spoke of at Linthorp was a Mr. Carteret."

"That's the very man. Yes, I suppose that Miss Wardlaw will be Mrs. Carteret by the next time I visit Linthorp."

Diana's fingers were trembling sorely, and she scarcely saw anything in the room. She felt as though she had received a deadly blow, and was completely stunned. Presently she was aware that Jasper was beside her.

"There's some mistake, Di; but don't let every one know what you feel. I'll find out about it, and make it all right."

And he laid his hand caressingly on her arm.

Captain Stanfied did not hear the words; he simply saw the action, and the bent-down head, and the grateful look Diana gave, as she whispered back—

"Thank you, Jasper!"

And the captain misinterpreted again, and muttered—

"Charles is cut out here, also."

"Can't you sing something, Di," whispered Jasper—"something lively? It won't do *for* every one to think that you distrust Mr. Carteret."

Diana sprang up.

"*Maestro*, will you play this for me?"

And she placed before him the song from "Lucrezia Borgia"—"Il segreto per esser felice."

Never had her voice sounded fuller or clearer. There was a sparkle and *abandon* in her delivery of the song that was superb. Even Jasper was penetrated by it.

"She can't care for Mr. Carteret, or she couldn't sing in that way. Of course, it was only a flirtation, and she'll marry Jasper," was the comment of most of the auditors.

"What thinkest thou now, Giuseppe," asked the Signora of her brother—"is she not a child?"

The Signor shook his head—

"She sang superbly," he answered; "but her song made me sorrowful, for I heard the tones of a soul in *Purgatorio*."

CHAPTER XX.

MISGIVINGS.

Mrs. Seaton awoke the next morning, feeling that the evening at Miss Pyecroft's had been a move in her favor—or rather in favor of the project at which she had worked with all her might since the day on which she had discovered the state of her son's feelings with regard to Diana.

Mrs. Seaton was not a clever woman—simply one of very ordinary average ability; but such women are often possessed of an amount of shrewdness and cunning that almost arrives at talent; and, when Mrs. Seaton's energies were aroused in anything connected with her son, she often acted with a forethought and discernment surprising to those acquainted with the limited compass of her mental powers. But, in anything concerning Jasper, she seemed to be guided by a sort of instinct that led her blindly along the path she had marked out.

Since she had learned Jasper's secret—though she carefully concealed from him that she had the slightest suspicion of it—her whole energies had been concentrated upon one object—namely, the estrangement and consequent separation of Diana and John Carteret; and she had worked at this object, so far, very skillfully—with the exception, perhaps, of having been occasionally too open in her animadversions of John Carteret in Diana's presence.

Perhaps she had become aware of this; for lately she had scarcely spoken of him, though she had taken especial care to throw out hints, conveying the impression that she regarded the whole affair as merely a flirtation. She did not positively say so: but her whole tone tended to make people believe that it was a matter that would die out, and, in fact, was dying out a natural death, as was usually the case in affairs of the kind, where there was no money on either side.

John Carteret had been very reserved, and had never spoken upon the subject to Dr. Crawford; and the hasty manner of his departure after the arrival of Jasper, and the slight coolness that appeared to have sprung up at the Manor House prior to his going away, tended to strengthen the view that Mrs. Seaton wished to have adopted.

Also, Jasper's constant attendance upon Diana, and the amicable understanding that existed between the two—whereas, up to this time, they had always been quarrelling—had their effect in the way of argument with the people of Broadmead, to the prejudice of John Carteret's engagement.

Therefore, Captain Stanfield's announcement had not been in the same thunderbolt that it might otherwise have been, in so far as society at Broadmead was affected.

Indeed, Miss Letty and Miss Sophia declared to one another, and to Rebecca, that it was nothing more than they had expected; and Miss Pyecroft—though she listened—wisely determined, in this instance, not to lift a finger to unveil the mysteries of any love-making or love-misunderstanding that might be going on among the young people of her acquaintance.

Mrs. Crawford determined to make further inquiries respecting Miss Wardlaw and her fortune; but, then, she was at liberty to take some interest in John Carteret's concerns, more especially as he had so very nearly been Dr. Crawford's curate.

Mrs. Seaton by no means placed full reliance in Captain Stanfield's statement. He was an honest, blundering kind of man, not gifted with much penetration; and Mrs. Seaton well knew how often appearances are deceitful. Yet, whether true or false, it might be turned to good account in working upon Diana's feelings; and to this amiable purpose Mrs. Seaton determined to devote herself.

Mrs. Seaton was very late in rising. The evening had been more exciting than evenings at Broadmead generally were. The party had been larger; there had been more incident. The appearance of Signora Neri, dressed for company, had been an overwhelming surprise; and Captain Stanfield's announcement had taken her by storm. She therefore sipped her chocolate quietly, in her own room; proceeded with her toilet very leisurely; and acted as one slowly collecting her forces to make the most of the chances that fortune had thrown in her way.

In the meantime, Diana, late after her sleepless night, descended to the breakfast-room, where Jasper was awaiting her.

"Di," he said, as he noticed her wan look, "you must not believe anything too hastily. There may be nothing in all this story of Captain Stanfield's."

Diana tried to smile; and sat down at the breakfast-table.

"Will you have some coffee, Jasper?" she asked.

"And will you take some yourself, Di?" he said—as she relapsed into meditation, after pouring out a cup for him—"or must I help you?"

Diana mechanically poured out a cup for herself; but her thoughts were far away. Nevertheless, she tried to go on with her breakfast as usual.

Jasper's brow now and then contracted; and now and then a dark look came into his eyes, and then, passing away, a half-triumphant smile for a moment curled his lip. But Diana was unobservant this morning, and did not notice the changes of his mobile features.

"I have asked young Stanfield to go shooting with me, Di."

Diana looked up.

"And I may hear a truer version from him than his father gave."

Another look.

"I dare say I shall bring him up to luncheon with me. I find that Dr. Crawford and Captain Stanfield are going over to Creighton on business; and it appears that, instead of staying here some days, as they intended to do, the Stanfields are unexpectedly called off to London to-morrow. So we shan't be able to ask them to dinner."

"I'm very glad," said Diana, with a feeling of intense relief.

"Not to see your godfather again, Di? What an odd thing your meeting with him was! So unlikely!"

"I had forgotten all about that," replied Diana. "Yes, it was very strange, indeed."

Yet she could not help wishing she had never seen him, since he had brought such evil tidings. Then she added—

"There is something very honest and good about him. Do you not think there is, Jasper?"

"Yes, Di."

"A man like Captain Stanfield would be sure to speak the truth—would he not?"

"Which shall I answer—the question or the thought? Because one answer will contradict the other."

"What do you mean?"

"I suppose I must answer both, to explain myself. I think he would speak the truth, or what he thought to be the truth; but the most honest people are oftenest deceived. Will that do for you?"

Yes, it was precisely what she wanted.

"It is a little comfort for you, is it not?" he continued, smiling. "Now, Di, you must not fret over it. You must wait and trust—at any rate, until I come back from shooting."

"I wish you did not shoot, Jasper."

"Why?"

"If the birds must be shot, let the keepers do it as a business; but I do not like people to shoot and kill creatures just for pleasure. In fact, I can't understand what pleasure there is in it."

"That is altogether a Utopian idea, Di," he said, as he left the room.

After he had gone, Diana sat down by the fire for a few moments, but soon grew restless—besides, Mrs. Seaton would be coming down, and she did not care to see her, under the present circumstances. She thought she would take refuge in her own room, and read over all John Carteret's letters, and see if they bore any trace of disloyalty to her.

It was a tolerably clear morning, for November. The slight mistiness that there was only made the nearer objects, sparkling with heavy dew, seem brighter and more distinct through contrast. She watched Jasper down the drive, and wondered how long it would be before he came home, and whether Mr. Stanfield would come with him. She hoped not—as nothing could be said before him. Then she went up-stairs; and, as she passed along, Mrs. Seaton's door opened, and she caught sight of Diana, and called her in.

Mrs. Seaton was in a flow of spirits, and in a very affable mood; and Diana felt that she was inwardly exulting at her discomfiture. Consequently, she felt also a rising antagonism within her; and seated herself, much against her will, upon an ottoman to which Mrs. Seaton pointed.

"Do sit down a little, Di—I want to talk over the party with you."

"Yes," answered Diana, nerving herself to hear John Carteret animadverted upon.

But she was mistaken; the subject might have passed from Mrs. Seaton's mind entirely.

"I don't think I shall come down at all to-day," she said. "The party was so delightful, that I am quite tired out—overexcited, I suppose. There seemed to be quite a crowd in the room. Letty and Sophia had on all their finery, I should imagine. I never saw such a collection of bracelets and brooches. It is a pity Miss Pyecroft does not give them a little advice upon the bad taste of such a profusion of jewelery. And then, when the Neris walked in, I never had such a surprise. I am not sure if Signora Neri's dress—handsome as it was—was not rather too much for her position."

"Not at all," returned Diana, abruptly.

"That lace must have cost a good deal. I wonder where she got it from?"

"From Venice. She's had it for years."

"And the velvet. It was a good thick velvet—I noticed it particularly."

"She had that in Italy, too, I suppose."

"Very handsome. I almost wonder that, in her position, she has cared to keep such things. It would have been more sensible to have sold them, one would think—more in keeping with their means. The lace, if she has any more of it, would have been quite a little fortune to her—I should not mind buying some myself. I wonder if she would sell any?"

"I should think not," said Diana, her color rising. "Why should she sell her lace if she is not in want of money?"

"But a man playing the organ for money, and teaching music for money, must be poor, or he wouldn't do it; and one would think his sister would be glad to sell her finery to help him along, and not be a burden to him, and bringing in nothing."

"A burden! The Signora a burden!" exclaimed Diana, indignantly. "He would die if she did. He could not live without her—their lives are so twined together. They are wrapped up in one another. He would not let her sell one single thing that served as a link between her and the happy past, and all that is lost forever of what made life charming to them. She is no burden to him—none at all."

"Well, if she isn't, you need not make such a fuss about it. You always fire up so, when these Neris are spoken of."

"Not if any one says anything good."

"I was going to say something good, if you had only waited a little. I was going to observe that Signora Neri looked so very much like a lady last night, that I shall not hesitate to invite her the next time that we have company."

"That will be no benefit to her, for she does not like visiting," said Diana—inconsistently forgetting the efforts she had been making to induce Broadmead society to appreciate her friend—"the honor will be from her in visiting the Manor House, when she has been accustomed to palaces."

Diana knew that her speech was rude and petulant; but she was in a state of mental irritation and bitterness of spirit, and it needed but little to throw her off her equilibrium.

"You are very unamiable this morning, Diana," said Mrs. Seaton. "You were always a passionate child, but I thought you had been improving lately; but I was mistaken. I don't wonder that Mr. Carteret is glad to meet with some one a little more amiable. I told you how it would be, when he went to Linthorp."

Mrs. Seaton spoke bitterly, for she was roused; and, besides, was glad to throw the odium of fickleness upon John Carteret.

"I don't believe it," said Diana passionately, as she rose to leave the room.

"I think it extremely probable," returned Mrs. Seaton, very quietly. "I see no reason to doubt Captain Stanfield's word. Sailors are proverbially honest; and, if the young lady has a fortune, in addition to voice and looks, it appears to me the most natural thing in the world."

Diana did not trust herself to reply. She did what was perhaps the wisest thing to do, fled the field before the battle became more furious, and took refuge in her own room.

If she had felt wretched before, she felt doubly so now. She had no faith whatever in Mrs. Seaton's opinion; but, knowing that she had been to blame in the late contest, the words came with keen force—

"No wonder he is glad to find some one more amiable."

Yes; she was no better now than when she was a child. She was as hopelessly bad as when Dolly had tried to teach her the Catechism; and she would go on and on, getting worse and worse. There was no one to help her, no one to teach her anything; and if he forsook her then, should she fail of that knowledge that, somehow, she was going to learn through him?

And lower and lower she sunk in her own estimation. Yet, surely, John Carteret would not judge her as Mrs. Seaton did.

Then her intended purpose occurred to her; and she unlocked the beautiful Indian cabinet, and from one of the drawers took out John Carteret's letters. She read them through and through, to see if she could detect any sign of coldness in them, or find any clue to guide her as to his estimate of people at Linthorp. And as she read for a purpose, and almost with an intention of finding what she sought for, she in a measure succeeded; and contrived to make herself completely miserable.

There was no mention of any one at Linthorp, beyond a passing allusion to the kindness of his relative, Lady Pechford; and in this Diana discovered a studied endeavor to avoid speaking of any one; and thought that she noticed a constraint of style in his writing that had not before been apparent.

The result of her search was, therefore, to lead her to the conclusion that the only thing remaining for her to do, was to write to John Carteret at once, and break off their engagement. The time had come which she had appointed as the only termination; and she knew that John Carteret, however much he wished it, would not consider himself at liberty to break it off himself.

Presently, she heard the luncheon bell; but she did not feel equal to going down; and she remained stationary, with the letters before her.

There came a tap at the door. Hester had been sent to tell her that Mr. Seaton and Mr. Stanfield had come in from shooting.

Diana thought of sending an excuse. But what would Mr. Stanfield think? Perhaps it was better to go down.

So she locked up her letters, and smoothed her hair, and went down to the dining-room; where she found Jasper and Charles Stanfield.

"You will be glad to hear that we have had very bad sport, Di," said Jasper, as she entered the room.

"You are compassionate to the birds then, Miss Ellis," said Charles Stanfield, advancing towards her.

"Or rather, she deprecates the sportsmen," replied Jasper.

"I don't sympathize with them either, Miss Ellis," continued Charles Stanfield; "but, then, I'm not a good shot."

Diana looked up at him.

"I thought you understood all about guns, and cannon, and warfare, and—"

Jasper interrupted her.

"And that, therefore, warring upon the birds would be innocent, compared with the slaughter of men that Mr. Stanfield must be constantly contemplating."

"I was not going to say that."

"Ah! I am only a warrior in theory," said Charles Stanfield.

"Theorists do more harm in the world than practical men," replied Jasper. "They are the people to set the world on fire, and the practical people have to put it out."

"And gain knowledge in so doing; so you must not undervalue theorists."

"Certainly not," replied Jasper; "yet theories may be wrong."

And he glanced at Diana as he spoke; and she wondered if there were a double meaning in his words.

"But theories have to be proved before they can be accepted or rejected."

"Precisely," replied Jasper.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOVE.

I loved him as young genius loves
When its own wild and radiant heaven
Of starry thoughts burns with the light,
The love, the life, by passion given.
I loved him, too, as woman loves—
Reckless of sorrow, sin, or scorn,
Life had no evil destiny
That with him I could not have borne.
I had been nurst in palaces,
Yet earth had not a spot so drear
That I should not have thought a home
In paradise, had he been near!

☞ How those old musical composers did continue to live on in Paris! Auber, eighty-nine; Cherubini, eighty-two; Gossec, ninety-six; Blonaigny, eighty-eight.

☞ They who have true light in themselves seldom become satellites.

☞ Poetry seems to know most of God's world. History of the devil's world.

☞ If six men eat ten apples, how many pumpkins can four cows eat? Multiply the ten apples by the four cows, and divide the result between the six men and the pumpkins. The true answer will be the amount.

☞ "It is well to leave something for those who come after us," as the man said when he threw a barrel in the way of the constable who was chasing him.

☞ When a Chicago girl quarrels with her lover, she communicates the important fact to her friends in the remark that she isn't "on squeezing terms with that fraud no more."

☞ M. Rochefort has had hid troubles increased by the elopement of his daughter, aged fifteen, with a young man of eighteen. She was at school in Jersey, it is said, whence the pair went to London and were married. The mother of the bridegroom, however, followed them, seized her son and packed him off to the colonies, while the bride was sent back to Jersey.

☞ WHO IS OLD?—A wise man will never rust out. As long as he can move and breathe he will be doing for himself, his neighbor, or for posterity. Who is old? Not the man of energy, not the day laborer in science, art or benevolence; but he only who suffers his energies to waste away, and the springs of life to become motionless; on whose hands the hours drag heavily, and to whom all things wear the garb of gloom.

☞ A man on trial for murder in Alabama went to sleep in the court room.

☞ The New York Times is ungallant enough to say that one of the attractions of Freemasonry and other secret orders is no doubt the fact that women are never admitted. The harmony, freedom and general delightfulness which result from this masculine exclusiveness can be known only to the initiated. Brute.

☞ Tomatoes peeled and sliced in cream, with sugar or otherwise, are delicious and healthy.

☞ Our last trip to Boston was made pleasant by the company of a well-known gentleman of Chicago, who, although not an artist himself, has probably done more for art and artists than any other man in the city. Taking the horse-cars from the Worcester depot, my companion, encumbered with manifold bags and parcels, reached the bell-rope with an effort, when he wished to get off, gave a vigorous pull, and the result was a sharp ring from both bells. "What are you ringing both ends for?" was the discourteous and surly inquiry of the conductor. "Because I wish the car to stop at both ends," was the quiet reply that left a convulsed car-load and discomforted conductor.—*Art Union.*

☞ Queen Victoria has given orders that the pulpit sand-glass which indicates the length of time allowed for the sermon in the Royal Chapel, shall be measured for twenty minutes only, instead of an hour, as formerly.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—9000 bbls sold at from $4,75@5,00 for superfine; $5,12½@5,87½ for extra; Minnesota extra family at $6,75@7,12½; Penna do at 5,75@6,00, Ohio do at $6,75@7,00; 100 bbls do at $7,25, and high grades at $7,50@8,50. Rye Flour sold at $5 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—120,000 bus Delaware red sold at $1,25@1,28; Indiana and Ohio amber at $1,37@1,38; Penna red at $1,33, and Michigan at $1,32@1,35. Rye—Sales of Western at 68c. Corn—Sales of 120,000 bus Western yellow at 68@70, Western mixed at 65@67c. Oats—Sales of 1000 bus old Penna at 58c; 2000 bus do new at 56@58c.

PROVISIONS—Sales of Mess Pork at $14@14,25 ₩ bbl. City packed extra Mess Beef sells at $17,50 ₩ bbl. Beef Hams command $28. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked Hams at 14@15½c; Sides at 8½@10c, and Shoulders 7½@7½c. Green Meats—Sales of Pickled Hams at 12½@12c; Shoulders, in salt, at 6½c. Lard—Sales at 9½@10¾c for city and Western steam and kettle rendered. Cheese—Sales of New York factory at 9@10c. Butter—Sales of roll at 18@16c, and packed at 14@18c. Eggs—Fresh near trade sell at 20@22c; Western bring 19@21c.

COTTON—Sales of 730 bales at 19½c for Middling upland, and 20c for New Orleans.

BARK—No. 1 Quercitron sold at $35 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark ranges from $11@13 ₩ cord for Chestnut.

BEESWAX sells at 27@28c ₩ ₤ for yellow.

FRUIT—Dried Apples sell at 5½@7½c.

HOPS—Sales of prime at 12@18c.

IRON—Pig Iron—Sales of 2000 tons of No. 1 at $35@36, and No. 2 at $32@34 ₩ ton. Bar Iron $75. Scotch Pig commands $33@34 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Clover sells at 9½@10c; 1000 bus Timothy at $4,75. Flaxseed sells at $3.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain. **Radway's Ready Relief** is a cure for every pain. It was the first and is the only pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating Pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application, in from one to twenty minutes, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease, may suffer. Price 50 cents.

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PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a Positive Cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED from all parts of the body *in five minutes without injury to the skin*, by UPHAM'S DEPILATORY POWDER. Sent by mail for $1.25 by S. C. UPHAM, No 106 south Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all druggists. Circulars free. may 27-13t

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Both result from the lack of ability to convert the food into nutriment. How necessary, then, for those suffering from these alarming symptoms to immediately resort to a remedy that will strengthen the stomach and digestive organs. For, as soon as this desirable object has been accomplished the health improves, and the patient resumes his usual personal appearance. HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS have attained a world-wide popularity in such cases, and have been proven the best and safest means of removing constipation, toning the stomach, giving energy to the liver, and relieving every symptom of nervousness and depression of spirits. Its cheering and beneficial effects are highly spoken of by thousands, who owe to it their restoration to health. No restorative in the annals of medicine has attained the same popularity in the short space of time it has been before the public, or has won the high endorsements accorded to this excellent tonic. Many other preparations, purporting to be correctives and restoratives, have been introduced, and have perished one by one, while the popularity of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS continues to increase, and is now recognized as a standard household medicine. The success which attends the use of the Bitters evinces at once its virtues in all cases of debility and disease of the stomach. Certificates, almost without number, have been published, attesting its truly miraculous power in removing those painful and fearful diseases. And at this time it seems idle to do more than call attention to the great remedy of the age, in order to awaken public attention to its excellence. It is the only preparation of the kind that is reliable in all cases, and it is therefore worthy of the consideration of the afflicted. au5-4t

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Important to the Ladies.

It is said that ladies who are troubled by pimples, sallowness, moth-patches, ring-marks, &c., may obliterate the evidences of their mortification, and add immensely to their personal beauty, by the use of an article now being sold by our Druggists, known as MAGNOLIA BALM. We should think such a thing would be very popular. au19-1m

Interesting to Ladies.

I have used and used a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine for *eight years*, during which time there have been no repairs needed on it, which I could not do myself. I can stitch, hem, frill, braid, puff, cord, tuck, bind, hem-stitch and embroider on it, with great ease and facility. I have used the Wheeler & Wilson and other machines. I can do a greater variety of work on the Grover & Baker than on either of the others, and the machine is much more simple and easily managed. MISS C. H. YOUNG,
Ravenna, O.

HEMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU is pleasant in taste and odor, free from all injurious properties, and immediate in its action.

After Sea Bathing use Burnett's Kalliston to relieve the disagreeable action of salt water.

SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY KATHERINE KINGSTON FILER.

When Spring 'neath azure heavens deep and sunny
Comes o'er the waters of the billowy ocean,
Thence wafted hitherward all cheerily
By mirthful zephyr's wings' incessant motion,
The wood-anemones, like little ones
Wakened from morning dream by mother-hand,
Rise at her faerie kisses, softly given,
In fragrant clusters o'er the smiling land.
Lo! at her "Trust me—I trust," whispered sweet,
All blossoms wake that faith to give and greet—
(Sweetheart, sweetheart, tell me, if I of thee
Should, trusting, ask it, wouldst thou not trust me?)

The birds with song come wooing, wooing, wooing
The apple boughs in amorous time of May,
With their sweet twitterings of summer love
And burst of song that fall as falling spray;
And answering, sweet affections in the hearts
Of those old branches, newly bud and blow
With tender blush of tinted blossoming,
Till, later, fruitful love doth bend them low—
(Sweetheart, sweetheart, let all thine inmost heart
Its sacred treasure of young love impart;
Let every kiss lure forth a bud complete,
And for each blossom let me kiss thee, sweet!)

In Winter snowflakes cover all the earth
And hide its nakedness with mantle pure;
They fall, they flit, they dally with the boughs,
They kiss the frozen lilies by the shore,
The heart of leafless woodlands they enfold
Beneath the sheltering shadow of their wings,
And cover up the daisies from the cold,
From wail of winter wind that wierdly sings.
(Love, Love, if there's aught barren in thy life,
If there is sorrow with thy laughter rife,
I'll cover it with love as white as snow,
And hush from it the moan of winds that blow!)

THE TORY BROTHERS.

(CONCLUDED.)

A Tale of the Delaware Valley

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY BURR THORNBURY.

CHAPTER XXV.

AT HEADQUARTERS—LIGHT AGAIN.

After being taken to her chamber from the scene of her painful interview with the tory Lieutenant, Grace Graham lay for weeks, as her lover had lain, upon a bed of sickness. Like him she went far into the shadow of death, and like him was brought back to health at last. But she was the mere semblance of her former self; thin, white, and pitifully weak, she rose from her couch of pain. Chambers had called to inquire concerning her almost daily, but he had not been permitted to see her even during her convalescence, for the sight of him would in her weak state certainly have caused a relapse. She had not been informed of his visits—his name had not been mentioned in her presence—but she remembered her fearful promise. Her great anxiety was about the prisoner—her real lover. She felt that he was still living, for she knew the tory would not permit him to die—but would make the fulfilment of her delirious words the price of the Lieutenant's release. Oh, if she only knew the truth—his escape and present safety!

When Chambers learned of Lieutenant Warner's escape, his rage was boundless. He knew that if Grace were to be informed of it, his power over her would be gone. He therefore resolved to press matters as soon as her condition would admit—threatening the Lieutenant's death if she did not wed with himself immediately. Grace all this time had been preparing herself for the expected trial. Had she but her own safety to consider, she would have endeavored to secrete herself or leave the city; but then her lover would no longer be protected, she thought, by the promise of the fearful sacrifice demanded. A terrible doubt arose in her mind: were she, as the price of her lover's life, to wed the tory, would he hold true to his promise to secure the discharge or exchange of the prisoner? Had he the power as he pretended? He was only a Lieutenant, and a refugee Lieutenant at that, in the British army.

In her perplexity she determined upon a plan of action which, though it might result in failure, she resolved to pursue rather than wed the detested tory.

Chambers at last obtained an interview with her.

With fear and ill-concealed loathing she received him.

After a brief greeting he came at once to the point.

"I must ask the immediate fulfilment of your promise, Grace. The conditions are hard; you do not like me; you hate me;" he said, fiercely; "but I will make you my wife in spite of everything. You shall marry me to-morrow."

"I will not marry you," spoke Grace, bravely; "my words were spoken in wildness; they were extorted by villainous threats. I doubt your power to save Lieutenant Warner's life if you would—and I doubt your willingness, if you had the power. *He* would have me die rather than marry you. I defy you to do your worst."

The tory was startled. What did this sudden courage mean. Had Grace obtained an inkling of her lover's escape.

"By Heavens, girl, you shall suffer for this," he hissed. "You shall be my wife before to-morrow noon. Perhaps you think to escape—but the house will be watched. I will leave you now, but you shall see me again—and though you will make no willing bride, you shall wed me notwithstanding."

He left the room with a quick and angry tread and a mocking bow.

After he had been gone sometime, Grace, deadly pale and trembling with fear and excitement, in company with Mrs. May, both closely veiled, attempted to leave the house. They were stopped by a sentry, before they had descended the door steps.

"No further, ladies, please; it's against orders."

"We desire to be conducted to General Howe's headquarters," said Mrs. May, slipping a guinea into the soldier's hand.

"I cannot leave my post, mam—but if you'll wait three minutes, the officer of the day will be around; maybe he would show you there."

They waited and obtained escort to headquarters. After an hour's delay they were granted audience with the British Commander, Sir William Howe. Colonel Monckton, a greatly-beloved and gallant officer, afterward slain at Monmouth, was present.

"Well, ladies, how can I serve you?" inquired Sir William, as the two pale and beautiful faces—for Mrs. May was strikingly handsome, her dark hair and eyes contrasting strongly with the golden curls and deep-blue eyes of her young companion—appeared before him.

Grace was blushing now—a rich glow suffusing the former pallor of her countenance. Mrs. May stated the object of their visit.

"We are friends of the men you are fighting, General; but even as such we claim your protection against the persecutions of an officer of your army."

Both officers, already interested in the appearance of the beautiful "rebels," gave closer attention to her words.

"State the whole circumstances of the case, madam. I shall be happy to assist you if I can do so consistently with my duty," said General Howe. He was a thorough Briton, an uncompromising royalist, and cared little to favor in any way those whom he believed to be wickedly and unwisely rebellious against their King; but he could not refuse to hear Mrs. May's representations, so frankly and feelingly made. He listened with evident interest to all she said.

"And your lover is a prisoner with us, Miss?" he said, turning to the anxious and blushing maiden.

"He is, your lordship. Oh! be merciful, I entreat you."

"Will you give me his name?" asked the General, "you have omitted to mention that."

"Warner—Lieutenant Warner, your lordship," faltered Grace.

"Warner? Why, Colonel, was not that the name of the prisoner who recently escaped?"

A cry of joy broke from the young girl. Checking her exclamation, she turned apologetically to the officers, saying:

"Pardon me, but I am so rejoiced."

Both of the men smiled, and the General said:

"Lieutenant Warner is a brave man, Miss. As an enemy I regret that he has escaped from our hands—it is the second time I believe—but as your lover, I am glad with you that he is with his friends. Go, both of you. I will take care that Lieutenant Chambers troubles you no more. You are safe henceforth while I command here."

Thanking the General for his great kindness, their hearts filled to overflowing with joy, the ladies withdrew. Chambers did not again make his appearance at the house. Howe had kept his word.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE EVACUATION—A FINAL BLOW.

The British kept possession of Philadelphia all that winter and the following spring; and though Washington's camp was within three or four hour's march of the city, no attempt was made against him. Foraging parties went up, it is true, and committed depredations, but they sometimes, as we have seen, suffered severely for their temerity.

About the first of May a council of war was called in the American camp to decide upon the subject of attacking the enemy in Philadelphia, but such operations were deemed inexpedient. The wisdom of this decision was soon evident, for it was found that the strength of the British was much greater than had been estimated, and moreover they were about to leave the city of their own accord. On the 18th of June, 1778, they left Philadelphia, and marched through New Jersey toward New York. Washington immediately put his army in motion to overtake and attack them.

The evacuation of the city caused great alarm to the tories of the surrounding counties, especially to those of Bucks, for the presence of the British troops in Philadelphia was a virtual protection to the loyalists. The Doanes and their followers were especially alarmed, for they had been so active in their depredations, that with the county again surrendered to patriot control, they felt it would be a dangerous place for them. And yet they disliked to abandon a region that had afforded them so much booty. At a meeting held in their stronghold, their chief announced to them his intention to retire for some time to the north, until after the expected passage of the Americans. They delayed so long, however, that they found some obstacles in their way. They took with them a number of valuable horses, and the possession of these animals necessarily made their movements more conspicuous.

It was early evening. A portion of the American army, under Gen. Lacy, on their way across Bucks county to the Jerseys, were encamped at Doylestown. In this division were our friends, Captain Irvin and Lieutenant Warner. The tories, though usually well posted as to the whereabouts of their foes, were, as it happened, ignorant of the proximity of this force. Having until recently thought to join the British in the Jerseys, they had been indifferent to the movements of the patriot troops to the westward.

The Captain and Lieutenant were standing apart conversing, as they enjoyed the delicious evening air.

"Back once more to our native county, Captain," said Lieutenant Warner. "Just across those green hills is the home of those we love. How pleasant it would be to turn aside and spend a few hours there; but it is impossible, for the enemy is to be overtaken before he reaches the cover of the coast. It will be a heavy march to-morrow, and we must be prepared. Yet it would be sweet to see our friends—though she whom I would care most to meet is not there. Grace is in the city, though as I believe still safe. That was a blessed message she contrived to send me." He referred to a communication received through the medium of Zebulon Rice. That individual, in the pretended capacity of market man, had borne more than one missive to the American camp from patriots in the city. The British welcomed the farmers to the town, but the keen countrymen sometimes came back with something more precious than British gold.

Captain Irvin did not reply to his comrade's words. They had the nature of a soliloquy, and needed no response. Yet his own thoughts were fully in unison with them. He was thinking of a sweetheart too, and the subject was a pleasant one. The reflections of the two soldiers were disturbed by some confusion near the eastern line of the camp. A sentinel had returned in haste from the picket line. Moving forward the Captain inquired the cause of the stir.

"A company of armed men," said the soldier, "approaching on horseback. They look like tories, if I've any acquaintance with the crew. They don't appear to know we're nigh."

The Captain hastened to the quarters of a Colonel of Cavalry and informed him of the presence of the supposed tories. The Colonel ordered a troop of his men to hold themselves in readiness for instant service, and then stepped to General Lacy's tent to obtain permission to attack the party. This given, away went the troopers, coming down upon the startled band led by Robert Doane with the swiftness of a whirlwind. The tory chieftain, ever bold, for he had been uniformly successful of late, had thought the Americans would not appear till the next morning, and a deep forest shutting out a view of their camp, he had ridden as it were into the very hands of his enemies.

"Charge on the rascals! Cut them down!" cried the patriot leader, recognizing the leader of the band, whom he had met before.

In dismay the tories turned to flee, but a volley from the troopers brought several to the ground, among them Levi Doane, who dangerously wounded was made prisoner. The others scattered, some turning southward toward their den, and some galloping more to the east, hoping to reach the wilds of Buckingham Mountain—a range of lofty hills lying in that direction. Being well mounted, the majority of those unhurt by the first fire succeeded for the time in escaping. But when the number who had fled toward their retreat on the Neshaminy reached that vicinity, they were dismayed to discover armed whigs scouring the woods and shores of the stream, as if searching for a suspected hiding-place. Here others of the band were captured; and led by Simple Sip, who had become bitterly incensed against the tories in consequence of recent and wanton ill-treatment at their hands, the patriots at last discovered the secret of the cabin, and rejoicing, took possession of the stronghold. Sip, with the pertinacity and cunning frequently exhibited by the weak-minded, had watched and waited day by day with a wonderful patience, till he was sure of the place selected by the tories for their rendezvous. This last blow effectually broke up their organization, though the chief, as if preserved by fate, was still unhurt, uncaught. In the fastnesses of the Wolf Rocks he had hidden himself till the search was given up and the American army had passed across the Delaware. The majority of his band were sooner or later killed or captured, and the county rid of the pest that so long had scourged it.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MONMOUTH.

It was the 28th of June, 1778. The day was clear and oppressively hot—one of the hottest ever known in that month. The British army in its retreat toward New York had been overtaken at Monmouth Court-house (now called Freehold, a small village sixty-five miles north of Philadelphia), and a portion of the American army under the command of General Charles Lee had been sent forward to commence the attack, while Washington came up with the main body.

Our friends, Captain Irvin and Lieutenant Warner, were with the latter awaiting directions to advance. A brief halt had been ordered while arrangements were being made for the advance of the whole force when General Lee should have performed his part. The thunder of the cannonading was already heard, filling the bright summer air with the dreadful sounds of war. Louder and louder grew the roar of the conflict, and the men, now in motion to assist their comrades, felt their hearts fill with the solemn expectancy that attends the deliberate march to already opened battle. The firing not only grew louder, but appeared to be approaching the advancing troops.

"Great God!" thought Captain Irvin in an agony of apprehension; "can our men be already retreating?"

Washington, struck with the same fear, urged forward faster his eager army. At a turn of the road they came upon the command of General Lee in full retreat, the British hotly pursuing. The surprise and wrath of Washington were terrible. Riding up to the unfaithful general, his bosom swelling with a mighty indignation, his sword uplifted, he demanded:

"What means this disorder and retreat? Were you not commanded to hold at every hazard the post assigned you?" It is said that on this occasion for the first and last time in his life the great patriot was profane. At any rate his rebuke was terrible, and Lee grew black with rage and mortification. He, however, obeyed the command to turn upon the enemy, adding, "I shall not be the first to leave the field."

By the exertions of Washington and his able co-adjutors, Greene, La Fayette and Wayne, the rout was stopped and the tide of battle turned in favor of the Americans. It was now that an incident occurred, which, though it was but an act of individual heroism, historians have not forgotten to record.

Captain Irvin's company had been detailed to support a battery that was doing great execution among the enemy. To the artillerymen, a woman—heroic Molly Pitcher—was engaged in carrying water, when a shot from the British struck her husband, who was assisting in loading and firing a cannon, and he fell dead before her eyes. The commandant of the battery ordered the vacant gun to be put out of the way.

"Not so!" cried Molly Pitcher, to his infinite astonishment. "I will take my husband's place." And she stepped to the dead soldier's post and faithfully performed its duties.

"Hurrah!" shouted the men, witnessing the heroic act. "Hurrah for Molly Pitcher!"

A charge was made upon the guns, but incited to the most determined resistance by the example of the brave woman, the artillerymen, gallantly assisted by the troops behind, drove the enemy back with heavy loss.

Hotter grew the summer sun, and fiercer the confusion of battle. The suffering from heat on both sides was terrible. Fifty-nine of the British soldiers and several of the Americans perished without a wound, the combined effects of extreme warmth, fatigue and excessive use of cold water.

In the afternoon, during a second effort of the enemy to capture the battery, Captain Irvin received a musket ball in his right leg, and at the same moment a cannon shot struck his uplifted sword. Stunned by the double shock, he fell to the ground and was carried to the shade of a tree in the rear of the battle. His wound was not serious, and after a short period he attempted to rejoin his company. But his men changed their position immediately after he had been borne from the field, and were now engaged far to the left of the line. Resolved to do what he could before his wound, which though not serious or disabling, was somewhat painful, and might at length compel his retirement, he picked up the musket of a dead American, and joined with a body of infantry who were defending themselves against the attack of a troop of dragoons.

They were led by a young officer, whose face, as he urged his men almost to the bayonets of the Americans, seemed familiar to the Captain, though seen through the dust and smoke of the conflict. A terrible volley from the rear rank of the patriots checked the advance of the troopers, before whom the front line had begun to waver.

The British leader fell, and with a cheer the Americans rushed forward. The dragoons now turned in confusion, leaving many of their number dead and wounded behind. Pursuing a short distance, the Americans then fell back, and as Captain Irvin glanced at the wounded forms on the gory ground he saw that one of them was that of the British leader—Lieutenant Chambers, for it was he.

"He has fallen thus," he thought, "when he deserved to die on the gibbet. Well, he led his men gallantly; I must acknowledge that."

Night was now approaching, and the battle was still undecided. Few such days were seen during the Revolutionary War. Water when it could be obtained was swallowed in such quantities that the soldiers died in consequence. By others it could not be had, and the tongues of some of the men swelled from thirst so greatly as not to be retained in the mouth. For twelve long hours that blazing day were the respective armies engaged; at length the sun went down and sultry darkness closed upon the awful scene. Both armies slept that night in sight of each other on the field of battle. With the coming of the morrow Washington had decided to renew the conflict; but when morning dawned it was found that the British had escaped, thus making a practical acknowledgement of defeat.

Finding his foe gone, he took up his line of march and moved by easy stages toward the Hudson. But the sad work of burying the dead was first performed. On the scene of the combat between the dragoons and the infantry was found the form of the young tory Lieutenant, cold in death.

Captain Irvin and Lieutenant Warner assisted in burying him, and in the sands of Jersey the body of the zealous and vindictive loyalist was laid to rest.

"He was my bitter enemy," said Lieutenant Warner; "more my enemy than I was his, but I forgive him. He would have done a defenceless girl villainous wrong, but it shall be forgotten."

"Heaven seems to be on our side," said his comrade, "and we will trust that it will be so to the end. We are weary of this dreadful war and of the hate and violence it engenders, but liberty is precious, and we cannot give it up."

They turned from the field and prepared to join their comrades on the march. But it was found that the Captain though he had kept bravely up, was unfitted to endure further fatigue for the present. He was therefore left behind with the more seriously wounded, over whom he exercised a sort of care.

The British proceeded from Monmouth to Sandy Hook, and thence by their fleet to New York. Washington led his army to White Plains, and afterward to Middlebrook, where he went into winter quarters. Thus the position of the two armies was nearly the same as it had been two years before; yet how much had been gained for independence.

Captain Irvin had rejoined the patriot forces months before, and our two friends were again together. Together in camp, and together at Stony Point when the gallant Wayne led his men to the victorious storming of that fortress.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CONCLUSION.

It was December, 1781, the month in which our story opened, the month in which it closes. The five years that had elapsed had brought wondrous and glorious changes to the struggling country. The news of the fall of Cornwallis had gone throughout the land. Every patriot's heart was glad; exultation broke out from one extremity of the country to the other. To the unanimous acclaim of the people Congress had joined the authority of its resolves. The 30th of December had been appointed as a day of national thanksgiving for victory and peace. There had also been other appointments for that day of a more private but not less joyous nature.

Come with us for the last time to Graham Grange. The hospitable old mansion still stands, and on this day, figuratively speaking, with open doors, though the weather is too cold to admit of a literal interpretation of the words. It is evening; the house is lighted up; fires of white, solid hickory are burning in the grates, and up-stairs and down-stairs all is pleasant bustle and preparation. Robert Graham moves about the lower rooms, his grand white head and flowing beard making him an object of veneration to all. The old patriot has borne well the cares and troubles and alarms of the long years of the war. He looks younger, stronger, happier than he did early in the struggle. He bore no active part in the contest, and yet few gave better and more steadfast support to the cause than he.

He is happy to-night for many reasons. He moves among his guests—for guests are present and arriving—with a smile and welcome that makes every heart doubly rejoice. With his fine, English manners, his noble person and his excellence as a man and patriot, there were few that did not feel a love and admiration for Robert Graham that might be compared to that extended to Washington himself.

At last all the numerous company are seated in the spacious parlor; the servants throng the hall and stairway, the melancholy old housekeeper, throwing off her gloom for once, conspicuous among them. All is pleasant expectation. We have not seen the daughters of the host—Lucy and Grace—nor their soldier lovers, without whom it might be supposed there could be no joy in that home. But the sound of descending footsteps is heard on the wide stairs; the rustle of dresses—of bridal dresses—fills the soft-lighted air. Leaning on the arm of the gallant Captain comes Lucy Graham, looking as beautiful in her white robes as ever a princess on a palace floor. Behind her comes the golden-haired Grace, and by her side the handsome, happy Lieutenant; then the bridesmaids and the groomsmen—six of each. They take their places, and the solemn marriage service is performed with all the old form and beauty. One ceremony unites both couples—and then the congratulations of the company are offered. Outside the snow commences falling, wrapping the earth in the appropriate color of peace; inside, in the hearts of all, reigns such joy that though a hundred winters roared not one would feel their chill.

"God bless you, my brave sons," said Robert Graham; "I think you will find my daughters worthy of you, or I would not have permitted you to have them—for you deserve the truest in the land." The old man might be pardoned a little praise of his children, for they had already proved their courage, their patriotism and their worth.

"God bless you, my boys—my girls," cried the housekeeper, her old face alight with joy; "I never expected to see this blessed hour, and I half believe it ain't so yet. I'm most afeered the Doanes will be shootin' through the shutters at us here, though I know they're all come to grief, and will never trouble peaceful folks no more. Long life to you, children, and every joy, for you've all had your share of t'other things."

The happy couples responded to her greeting with special warmth. It must be a joyous occasion, they thought, when old Mrs. Wesner could smile.

Proceeding to the dining-room, a bountiful and elegant repast was partaken of, and at a late hour the guests, except those who were expected to remain, departed, little heeding the white tempest through which they had to return. When the heart is glad the body feels not cold, and on this blessed thanksgiving day every patriot was happy. Those of the county of Bucks who had been permitted the pleasure of witnessing the nuptials of the gallant young soldiers, in addition to the general rejoicing of the day, little regretted that they had ventured from their homes to the bright scene at Graham Grange. The double wedding was long the talk of the neighborhood, and the beauty of the brides was remembered and spoken of on every similar occasion—all declaring that the county had never before nor since produced such a lovely pair as good old Robert Graham's daughters.

We have little more to add. Our tale has been without plot or mystery, and has but this simple, happy ending. The young soldiers and their wives lived of course "long and happily," for it was more the fashion in those days for people to live rationally; and their descendants to day are among the foremost citizens of the county.

The tory chief, Robert Doane, was never seen again in the region which he and his followers had so afflicted. All the Doanes, it is said, died violent deaths. They left children, however, who grew to be respectable and patriotic citizens, following not their parents' example, but living at peace with the law and their neighbors. On them little of the reproach that attended the lives of their fathers rested, and on *their* children none at all.

THE END.

Female Society.

It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is slow, and you know the girl's songs by heart, than in a club, tavern, or pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely upon it are deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions, and are stupid, and have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure.

Your club swaggerers, who are sucking the butts of billiard-cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is antespiring to a joke!; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast, who does not know one tune from another; but, as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water, sauce, and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well regulated, kindly woman, about her girl Fanny, or her boy Frank, and like the evening's entertainment.

One of the great benefits a man may derive from a woman's society is that he is bound to be respectful to her. The habit is of great good to your morals, men, depend upon it. Our education makes us the most selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we push for ourselves, we yawn for ourselves, we light our pipes and say we won't go out, we prefer ourselves and our ease; and the greatest benefit that comes to a man from a woman's society is that he has to think of somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.

IF.

If we could only read each other's hearts, we should be kinder to each other. If we knew the woes, and bitternesses, and physical annoyance of our neighbors, we should make allowances for them which we do not now. We go about masked, uttering stereotyped sentiments, hiding our heart-pangs and our headaches as carefully as we can; and yet we wonder that others do not discover them by intuition. We cover our best feelings from the light; we do not so conceal our resentments and our dislikes, of which we are prone to be proud. Life is a masquerade at which few unmask, even to their very dearest. And though there is need of much masking, would to Heaven we dared show our real faces from birth to death, for then some few, at least, would truly love each other.

☞ Rabbi Lilienthal, of Cincinnati, says he can proudly and conscientiously assert that Judaism can adapt itself to all the progressive ideas of our age, and that the ancient religion is fully able to come up to all just demands of the modern liberal state.

☞ "It is a striking fact," says a physiological writer, "that most persons want to weigh more than they do, and measure their health by their weight, as if a man were a pig, valuable in proportion to his heaviness."

☞ The state of Michigan contains five thousand one hundred and eleven inland lakes, covering an area of eleven hundred and fourteen miles, besides a water front on the great lakes of more than eighteen hundred miles.

SOME ONE'S SERVANT GIRL.

She stood there leaning wearily
  Against the window frame,
Her face was patient, sad and sweet,
  Her garments coarse and plain.
"Who is she, pray? I asked a friend;
  The red lips gave a curl—
"Really I don't know her name;
  She's some one's servant girl."

Again I saw her on the street,
  With burden trudged along,
Her face was sweet and patient still,
  Amid the jostling throng;
Slowly but cheerfully she moved,
  Guarding with watchful care
A market basket much too large
  For her slight hands to bear.

A man I'd thought a gentleman,
  Went pushing rudely by,
Sweeping the basket from her hands,
  But turning not his eye;
For there was no necessity
  Amid that busy whirl
For him to be a gentleman
  To some one's servant girl.

Ah! well it is that God above
  Looks in upon the heart,
And never judges any one
  By just the outer part.
For if the soul be pure and good,
  He will not mind the rest,
Nor question what the garments were
  In which the form was dressed.

And many a man, and woman fair,
  By fortune reared and fed,
Who will not mingle here below
  With those who earn their bread,
When they have passed away from life,
  Beyond the gates of pearl,
Will meet before their Father's throne
  With many a servant girl.

THE DEMON OF CRAWNEE'S GULCH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

A powerfully built man entered where we were sitting, shook a shower of wet from his shaggy overcoat, sneezed twice, blew a regular "boot and saddle" note on his nose, and sat down before the crackling open fire.

"That's Dan, a Feather river miner," said a voice at my elbow.

I looked again at the new comer. He was grizzled and weather beaten, with a little hook to his nose, and a keen, somewhat roguish twinkle in his gray eyes.

We were a company of miners encamped among the foothills of the Sierra Nevada mountain, and after our day's work was over, we collected about our camp fire, ready for all new adventures, and enjoying ourselves with a zest unknown to the denizens of populous cities pent. We had had very poor success in our near vicinity, washing out but a few ounces of dust collectively during the two weeks of our tarry there, and were seriously cogitating about breaking camp in the morning. We had talked something about taking the direction of Sutter's Fort, but were undecided.

This is sufficient explanation. Dan received a hearty welcome from those who knew him personally, and—

"Have you shipped your cargo of venison for to-day's cruise," asked the man of our company known as sailor Ben.

"Not a pound," said Dan concisely, shoving his cap on to the back of his head.

"Well, throw in some slices of meat, and as it is a bitter rain storm, reef your sails and remain in harbor to-night."

"Was thinking to get on to Dawley Creek before many hours."

"Not to-night, Dan; we want you to share with us, and give us in return one of your yarns."

"I spin yarns, boys, but never twist them in with improbabilities."

"I will testify in court for you there, Dan," said sailor Ben, so the matter was settled, and Ben being for the time detailed as cook, set about preparing the evening's rations.

Our camp was in a gorge which opened to the East, upon a level green plateau studded with trees of heavy growth. The little gorge where we were encamped had a natural wall thrown up that turned the water into another course, and we could hear its subdued thunder, where to the left of us it tumbled over a fall of many feet. Rust color cones to the right and left, before and behind us, showed where the miners had been at work hunting for the yellow metal.

In little more than half an hour our cook announced the evening meal, himself presiding with a very red, sweaty face, with his trade-mark very well done in angles, triangles and tangles, where a wandering coal had done some nice shading along his upper lip. No matter, the venison toasted upon the end of a stick, and the oat-bread baked in the ashes, with the bitter strong coffee seasoned with the keenest of appetites, refreshed us, and for the time being drove all thoughts of despondency from our minds.

"Well, Dan?"

This was after we had eaten like ravenous creatures, and were disposed to a luxurious smoke.

"What shall it be, boys? Stay, did I ever tell you of the Demon of Crawnee's Gulch?"

"Never," replied one and all. The miner of Feather river now applied his handkerchief to his nose, this time giving us "to horse" in military parlance, with some kind of an infernal apparatus concealed in his nose, and patent with himself. Then he began:

Five or six of us loaded with picks, pans and cradles trailed over the rocky and rough country prospecting. We had been doing that same thing with but little variation for two years, picking up in our journeyings more struggling and disappointed miners than nuggets of fishy lucre. But you know, boys, what fascinations a miner's life has. The toppling crags, the bald cliffs, the dark mysterious gorges, and gateways in the bold bluffs opening into vistas of indescribable grandeur; the strolling party of moody or generally carousing miners; the occasional cry of the wild beast, and the oftentimes close proximity of fiendish desperadoes. Who would exchange all this for the tameness of brick walls, the squeaking of hucksters and the monotonous rumble of carts? But I must keep close to my narrative.

In the fall of 18— there was one added to our party where we were encamped at Crawnee's Gulch. He came alone and without implements, and had a dainty air about him in strong contrast with the rest of us rough fellows. We had a notion of fighting shy of him at first, but after a few days he seemed to overcome his repugnance toward our occupation if he felt any, and shouldered a pick lent him by one of the boys and went to work; but he seemed to work aimlessly or without interest, and was in one of two extremes always—either moody unto dumbness or boisterously wild. Ere long the boys took to liking him. But soon I made the discovery that he didn't sleep well at nights. Now you take a man that has worked hard all day with his shovel or pick, and if he can't sleep well at nights, depend upon it that there is something wrong with his conscience or stomach; and inasmuch as Jakes claimed to be healthy it was evident that the trouble was with his mind.

I bunked with him for awhile, as long as I dared to, for he had an uncomfortable way of springing up in the night and grappling you by the throat or striking you in the breast, with exclamations like these: "I have you now; dead men tell no tales"—or "You threaten, will you? a sharp knife will settle that."

So you see from this I began watching him more narrowly, and there was an expression creeping into his eye once in a while that was terrible; a green, fiery, scared glow that made me creep all over. I said nothing of this to the boys, and his frequent absences were no more noticed than such things usually are in such places. But he astonished us on his return from a two weeks' absence by bringing up a woman from Sonora. The boys were all scandalized at this, for we had prided ourselves upon our morality; in all our letters home boasting of it; so we turned the cold shoulder upon Jakes, and we erected him a tent by himself and he withdrew from us. We hadn't calculated on this, for in so wild and dangerous a region as the mines then were, we did not wish to altogether lose a companion. For some weeks after this woman returned with Jakes, we saw little of him. How he subsisted we knew not, only it was not by mining. May be some of the boys envied him the life which he led, but I did not, for reasons which I have explained. Jakes still continued to go off on his strange journeys down to San Francisco, some one told us, so he might possibly replenish his coffers by gambling. During his absence the woman from Sonora checked all friendly or other advances towards acquaintanceship.

By-and-by one of the boys coming home alone from prospecting later than usual turned down by Jakes's camp. He espied a strange figure on the outside crouched down among the bushes, and for an instant his heart was in his mouth, for he thought that it might be a wild animal; but directly it moved away upon all fours to be sure, but not with the ease that bespoke that a natural mode of locomotion. He got along a piece, and then his conscience smote him, for the movements had been so stealthy that he thought the creature meant no good; so shouldering his pick he returned, and as he did so the figure flitted away with a mass of hair streaming over its shoulders.

He pushed inside and found Jakes and the woman eating their evening meal. He was so shocked at Jakes's altered appearance that he had hardly courage to hint at his errand.

"I thought I'd do you a good turn, comrade," he blundered out at last, "to tell you that there is somebody or something prowling round your camp, and you'd better be on the lookout."

Jakes turned livid, and articulation seemed choked.

"What!" he gasped at length.

The caution was repeated.

"My God!" was the strangely agitated exclamation, "it has found me at last, it has! have mercy!" and he fell down gibbering unintelligibly.

Amazed beyond description at the effect of his communication, Dales offered to remain all night, but the woman seemingly furious with anger at his ill-starred interference with their peace, sharply told him to go.

He came down to the camp and told us about it. We were in doubt what course to pursue.

"Leave them alone," said Doles, "it ain't safe to dip into these affairs. That Spanish Mexican Sonorian has devil enough in her to make it unsafe to meddle with them." But half satisfied with this view of the matter we yet quietly retired. Some of us compared notes upon dreams in the morning; two or three of us had dreamed that Jakes was killed, and that we had heard his cries.

"Come, boys, let's slip up to Jakes's camp and see if he is all right," said Dowel, one of our fellows. "I haven't felt easy in my mind since Doles told that last night."

More than one of us sympathized with his feelings; so while Doles was getting breakfast, we strode over to the camp.

Just God! what a sight met our eyes. Close to the door of his tent lay Jakes, stone dead, mangled and disfigured, and a few feet from him was the woman, also butchered, hacked and chopped in a manner frightful to behold. We were sickened to the heart. There had been a struggle, but beyond the immediate circle of a few yards all trace was lost. All of the boys came up in a little while, and we buried the two at the mouth of the Gulch. Then we spent the day hunting for a trail, but there was none. Doubtless the tracks were made by our own horses, two of which we had bought on our last expedition to San Francisco.

We talked in subdued tones for many nights after this fearful event, and had no idea of perfect safety daytime or night. After a time, however, it wore off some, as such things do; but Crawnee's Gulch fell into bad repute with us, and we were not particularly disposed to prospect in that direction.

Well, a month passed, and we had ceased to talk much about the affair, referring to it sometimes, but rarely. The rainy season had begun, and we were busy washing our dirt. One night a heavy wind set in, and the way it piped through the gorges and whistled through the trees was not pleasant. We bunked early. Listening to the pelting storm, I was soon asleep, from which blissful state I was soon aroused by Doles clutching my arm and gasping:

"What is that?"

No wonder he asked. It was in the camp, in every crevice, in the air outside, overhead and under foot, the most wild, unearthly, continuous shrieking that ever pierced the human brain.

"Powers above!" I ejaculated.

"It has gone on so for more than two minutes," whispered Doles.

The whole camp was now astir.

We rushed outside. The night was intensely dark and the rain falling, but the darkness was pierced through and through by those wild sounds. We slunk back into camp. Then we heard a rumble and rattle without, and the cries died away and swelled out again.

We lighted a lamp, and if my face wasn't white it was the only one of the whole company that had not taken on the hue of death. The silence that fell was profound and terrible.

We did not sleep much that night after that sound came in upon us first; but it was only the prelude of horror that we were to experience time and again, with intervals of longer or shorter duration. Only the fact that our summer's piles of dirt lay unwashed in rust color heaps about us, saved us from packing traps and leaving the accursed region.

The horrid cries always started in Crawnee's Gulch, and so we came to speak of it as the Demon of Crawnee's Gulch, and sometimes we let the shrieks and moans go on while we huddled over the fire; again we sallied forth in a body to search for it, but the sound always eluded us, and when we came in the vicinity of Jakes's camp the cries died down into wails and moans, and we concluded that it must be his ghost, disquieted and roaming the earth.

Well, there suddenly came over me a determination to ascertain what this nocturnal demonstration might be like. When I first mentioned to the boys my determination to remain within Jakes's camp of nights, until I had caught a glimpse of the disturber of our quiet, they laughed at me; but finding me serious, attempted to reason me out of my foolhardy enterprise. But my mind was made up, and that very night I commenced my vigils. Nothing disturbed me, but I was astonished in the morning at the signs that to my keen eye betrayed the presence without the camp of some foreign visitor. Of this, however, I said nothing to the boys, but especially prepared my pistols for the next night. Again was I left undisturbed; and so it was for some time, until I was losing patience, and thought of returning to the boys. It was the sixth night of my vigils, and calm and star-lighted, with something of a glimmer in the north like the aurora borealis.

After smoking two or three pipes of tobacco, reflecting perhaps upon friends that I might never see again, I threw myself upon my bed of boughs; but sleep did not readily weigh down my eyelids. I rolled about and thought that I would smoke another pipe; but just then I detected a rustle, soft and indefinite, as the silky shaking of new, green leaves. My heart stood still. A dark, indefinite shape framed itself into the opening serving for a door. It imperceptibly advanced without noise, and a creeping sensation stung my flesh. Naturally enough I seized my revolver and sprang up.

I've seen lightning zigzagging through the air until there seemed to be a myriad pulses of light beating around, and that is the only way that I can express the manner that that fearful blood-curdling cry hurtled through the night; another and another fearful shriek, finishing off with a moaning growl indescribably horrible. The shape vanished without, and I rushed after it, determined either to lose my life or solve the mystery.

There it was—a small, dark outline skimming the ground like a low-flying vulture. Up the gorge, leaping from rock to rock, and it was distancing me. I kicked off my shoes, threw off my coat and hat, and unmindful of bruises, still kept on. There was something inexpressibly wild about this chase. The thing which I was following seemed to have wings. I could outline, by the aid of the electric light of the north, something flapping up and down like dusky pinions. Up the gulch I went, across gulleys, where the water must have gurgled a score of feet below, down into a ravine, the wind singing in my ears with the speed of my movements. I had always prided myself upon my agility—I had tried once or twice running races with Indian arrows, when the arrows every time won the bets by coming in ahead on the inside heat; but now I began to feel blown, and was fearful that the demon ahead would beat on the race.

The ravine finished in a perpendicular wall, with here and there a projecting boulder that one could step on. At the head also, was a shelving bluff—for I had been there prospecting, and that was why I could keep my footing so well—and then there was a precipice of nearly two hundred feet, solid rock. Once on the level plateau after scrambling out of the ravine, and I expected the winged creature—for I honestly thought it a flying dragon—to swerve off to the left towards a grove, and I thought to myself, "I shall lose it there." But no; it swooped to the right directly towards that horrible precipice. Just here, for the first time, I stumbled and fell. Once more that volume of terrible sound ricochetted through and through my being. The dark vulture had swooped over the cliff. I crawled to the edge of the precipice on my hands and knees. Away down, hundreds of feet below me, I could hear the brawling of Golder's brook and that was all. I was three miles from camp, hatless, and shoeless, and coatless, but now that the mad excitement was over, I found myself too shaky to attempt returning until daylight, so crawling into the shelter of some shelving rock, I waited the morning. When I got back I found the camp astir and greatly alarmed. They had heard the demon cry in the night, and had rushed up to Jakes's camp to find it deserted. They could only fear the worst for me, and awaited daylight to resume the search.

My mind was so affected with the belief that it was some monstrous winged creature, that I so represented it; but after our morning meal, we resolved to let our washing go, and follow up the course of Golder's stream until we should come opposite the bluff.

Doles was a little in advance of us, and at his exclamation, "My God! there's your bird, Dan!" we rushed forward, and some feet below us a dark, shapeless mass was tumbled upon the rocks that formed the bed of the stream.

With ejaculations of horror we scrambled down and found *the body of a woman.*

She was very small, of the dark Spanish Creole type of features, with a mass of thick tangled hair, which lifting and falling had suggested the idea of wings. The face was too much disfigured to give any idea of her beauty or ugliness. But the wide open eyes, even in their flimsiness, bespoke her as a maniac. We brought her up and buried her by Jakes's camp, where we had a theory that she belonged. Her stature and the thick mass of hair identified her with the crouching figure by the camp of Jakes, the mention of which had so terrified him; and she was, without doubt, the perpetrator of the double tragedy, after which remorse drove her mad, and she haunted the scene of her crime, until she became known as the Demon of Crawnee's Gulch. Was she Jakes's deserted wife or not? That we were never to know. We washed out our dust as speedily as possible, and packing our traps left the baleful region to work a claim further up.

DENE HOLLOW.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF

"EAST LYNNE," &c.

[The advance sheets of this story have been purchased of Mrs. Wood for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER VI.

AT SIR DENE'S SECRETAIRE.

In a day or two there arrived two letters from Tom Clanwaring, dated Bristol. Very good and proper, and nice letters both of them. The one, written to Mr. Arde, expressed his regret that he had been obliged to leave without saying farewell to himself and Mrs. Arde, but that he had not liked to intrude upon them when they were engaged with their dinner guests. It alluded to his abrupt dismissal, stated that he knew not the cause of it, and was unconscious of any offence of his that could have led to it, unless it was the quarrel with Captain Clanwaring in the afternoon, when he confessed that he had allowed himself to fall into undue passion. Not a word did he breathe of any sense of injustice, or cast the slightest reflection upon man, woman or child: the sweetness of Tom Clanwaring's nature was never more unconsciously displayed than in that letter. Squire Arde read it over once, and then began to read it again.

The other letter was to Sir Dene. Tom earnestly begged his grandfather to believe that he had not consciously been guilty of any offence towards him, or been willingly ungrateful. Nothing, he said, could be further from his thoughts. His greatest prayer and hope now was, that Sir Dene would sometime be convinced of this; would see how much he had always loved him, how he had done his best to serve him, and how bitterly he was feeling the separation. Tom added some directions in the last page as to certain matters connected with the business of the estate, so that trouble might be saved to those who should succeed him in its management. It was a long letter, every word of it breathing the sentiment of a kindly and honest gentleman, and of the affection he felt for his home and his grandfather.

Too kindly, too honest to be allowed to fall under the eye of Sir Dene. Lady Lydia—who had taken the precaution to break the seal and skim the contents—might put no belief in the good faith of the letter; but she was by no means sure it might not act so far on the old man's tender feelings as to induce him to recall Tom. So she dropped it into the fire, and held her tongue about its arrival. The opening of other people's letters was a grave offence in those days, not only against the code of honor, but who observed any kind of faith to the humble dependent, Tom Clanwaring. And Sir Dene never knew that he had written.

Now Squire Arde possessed a conscience. Before that letter arrived, he had begun rather to veer round to Tom again, and doubt whether he had really been guilty of any grave offence: the letter only served to increase the feeling and the doubt. He could not always forget that poor Tom, so hardly used among them, was the nephew of his dead wife; and he suddenly determined to go to Bristol and see him. It was understood that Tom was waiting at Bristol according to instructions received from Ireland, until some agricultural implements should be ready, that he was to take over with him. Saying nothing to anybody, except his wife, and to her only that business called him away for a day or two—Squire Arde sent his servant to Worcester to engage a place in the Bristol mail, and departed himself the same night for the latter city, as Tom had previously done.

He saw Tom. He listened to his version of matters, (given in answer to authoritative questioning) of what his treatment had been at Beechhurst Dene, especially in the past week; and Mr. Arde came to the conclusion that Tom had been more sinned against than sinning. But when he came to speak of some grave offence or crime, such as Lady Lydia had hinted at, but would not explain, Tom declared she must have been mistaken, for he had committed none. Mr. Arde, thinking it impossible she could have been so far mistaken pressed the point, but Tom adhered to what he had said.

"It does not matter," he lightly observed in his good-natured way.

"I don't claim to be better than other people, sir." He had never called Mr. Arde "uncle," had not been taught to do so. It might have been different had his own aunt, Mr. Arde's first wife, lived. The last thing Mr. Arde spoke of was the money.

"By the way," began he in a careless tone, "there has been a loss at the Dene since you left, or rather the evening you were leaving. A bag of money—forty-five pounds I am told it contained—that Sir Dene put into his secretaire, disappeared in a mysterious way."

"Was it the bag I saw him put in?" cried Tom raising his honest eyes fearlessly to the Squire's face. "What a strange thing! it can't be lost."

"Yes, I believe it was that same bag. Sir Dene said something about your having been present when he put it up. It seems he left the key in the lock, and was absent from the room three or four minutes, not more. During that time the bag disappeared."

"Who went into the room?"

"There it is. No one went in, save Sir Dene and Gander. They did not see you come out, either."

"I? Oh, I went out by the glass doors. The truth is, I was so grieved at Sir Dene's refusing to hear a word of what I wanted to say, that as he went out one way, I turned out the other to walk my vexation off."

"Well, they both declare that no one whatever went into the room. Sir Dene—what now?"

A sudden light, as of awakened remembrance, shone in Tom Clanwaring's eyes. "Hullo!" he exclaimed, "I saw—" and there he stopped short.

"Saw what?" asked Mr. Arde.

"No," said Tom, "I'll say no more. The fact is, I thought I remembered to have seen somebody go into the room: but perhaps—perhaps I was mistaken. I daresay I was mistaken."

"Go in by which door?"

"No, sir; I'll say no more."

"You ought to say. The money was stolen."

"I never will, sir. I'd not say it if I were certain. No, not though I had seen it taken, which I certainly did not. Let people fight their own battles."

"And suppose they were to suspect you of taking it?"

Tom burst into a laugh. "Suspect me of taking money! Not they. They know me better than that, all of them."

"Suppose they were to *accuse* you of it?"

"Accuse me to whom, sir? Not to Sir Dene: it would be waste of trouble. He knows that his money would be as safe with me as it is with him. I am his grandson, Mr. Arde."

Mr. Arde looked at the open countenance, at the blue eyes, so full of earnest truth, and he mentally saw that whoever else had stolen the money, Tom had not.

"Were it told to you that you had been accused of this thing, you would surely speak, Tom Clanwaring!"

"I don't think I should," was Tom's answer. "I'd rather do a man a good turn than a bad one, be he friend or enemy. That is the only safe way to get on pleasantly in this life. It all comes home to us, sir. If we sow flowers, we are repaid by the perfume; if we plant nettles, they must spring up and sting us. I don't believe a man ever did the smallest kindness, but it was in some way returned to him; I feel sure that for every injury a man or woman designedly inflicts on others a worse evil is returned. Mrs. Owen taught me these truths when I was a little child, and I have seen them exemplified scores of times since."

But, though Mr. Arde felt at rest on the score of Tom's misconduct, he could not effect his return to the Dene. The edict of banishment was gone forth, and it might not be revoked. Neither did Mr. Arde see any urgent reason why it should be. He considered that some experience of the world might be of benefit to Tom rather than the contrary: and instead of telling Tom, he would help him to return, he urged him not to "kick" against the new place in Ireland, but to do his best and make himself useful in it. Things might brighten, he observed; they generally did by dint of a little patience and perseverance. Tom replied that he had no intention of kicking against it: he was turned adrift and it appeared Hobson's choice—go there, or starve.

"No need to starve," retorted the Squire; "you've got health and strength to work, and a good share of brains. There's not a man in England, or Ireland either, knows land better than you do, Tom. And look here: I've brought a bit of money for you."

It was a hundred pounds that he took from his pocket—to Tom's intense astonishment. The Squire explained. He had been putting it by for him bit by bit ever since Tom was a child. Foreseeing perhaps that Beechhurst Dene might not be a home for him always, that the time might come when he would be thrown upon his own resources, Mr. Arde, recognizing that Tom had some claim upon him, put by this money by degrees for the rainy day. Had he found Tom to be worthless he would have kept it in his pocket: hence his journey of inquiry to Bristol.

"Put it safely up, Tom, and take care of it. Don't use it unless you really require it. Should you never get your recall to the Dene, it may be useful to you."

Tom thanked him with all his heart, his earnest eyes, his expressive face betraying his gratitude better than words could do it. Throughout his life he had been singularly responsive to kindness: probably from the little of it that was shown him.

On the morning following this, after Mr. Arde had quitted Bristol, Tom received a letter from Cole, the farrier, saying that he had not been able to get his address before, and now only surreptitiously through Gander's good nature, he wrote to tell Tom that he had seen some one (whom he mentioned) standing at the open secretaire that evening just at the time the money must have been taken: and that person was no doubt the thief. The reason of Cole's writing this, was that a hint had reached him throwing some suspicion on Tom Clanwaring—though, in his delicacy he did not expressly say so. Tom immediately sent the following letter back to Cole:—

"Thank you for writing to me, my good fellow: your motive was a right one, and I think I discern the prompting cause. But say no more to any one. *You may be mistaken.* Keep silence. Even if you had *proof* as to who it was took the money—which you have not—there may be private reasons why it should not be told abroad. As to me—for, what I conclude is, that you have heard my name brought in—my back is broad enough to bear anything put upon it by idle report: and you must know, and I know, that no one whom I care for, or who cares for me, would suspect me of such a thing. Sir Dene knows me better, and so do others. *Be silent.* I rely upon you to be so. Let people fight out their own battles: it is no affair of yours, I do not intend to make it mine. Good luck to you, Cole, in all ways. Sincerely yours, T. C."

Tom Clanwaring was right. Not for long did any one who knew him continue the suspicion as to the money. A complete revulsion of feeling set in with Sir Dene; and he called himself names for having allowed his mind to entertain such a suspicion for a moment. Even Lady Lydia upon sober reflection, grew to think that it could not have been Tom—for nothing in his past life had led her to suppose he would descend to be a thief. Make the worst of him and of the sins she had been fond of attributing to him, he would scarcely sink so low as that. No. Had there been nothing else against Tom, he might have been recalled instanter. But there was. Not to speak of these general petty sins, there was that other grave charge, not easily refuted. It was *that* that troubled Sir Dene; he had always believed Tom to be as morally good a man as his father Geoffry was; and the discovery to Sir Dene was bitter. No chance of that being refuted yet awhile, if it ever was, or could be.

It must be remarked that Lady Lydia did at first believe that Tom had taken the money. In the teeth of the one great assumed part—feat only he had been in the room—she could not well think otherwise. The possibility that any one else had stolen in through the glass doors, did not then occur to her or to Sir Dene. But it was the theory taken up now; though whether she would have arrived at it of her own accord is uncertain.

On the Tuesday, the day following Mr. Arde's departure for Bristol, Mrs. Arde and Mary Barber met accidentally in Dene Hollow, the latter with a big market basket in her hand. The two invariably held a gossip together when they met; and on this occa-

sion Mrs. Arde (who considered Tom Clanwaring belonged to Mary Barber at least as much as to anybody else,) chose to ignore her husband's injunction to secrecy, and whispered to her in confidence the story of Tom's misdoings: that is, of the one crowning act of them. Mary Barber's hard face took a harder hue in her astonishment; her gray eyes fixed themselves with a stare on Mrs. Arde's.

"Steal a bag o' money! *You* don't believe it of him!" she continued, fiercely and abruptly.

"But I can't help believing it, impossible though it seems that he could do such a thing," returned Mrs. Arde. "There was no one else near the room, you see."

"He went out by the glass-doors, did he?" quickly observed Mary Barber.

"They say so."

"Which proves he must have left 'em undone, for they don't fasten from the outside," reasoned Mary Barber. "What was to prevent somebody else from going in and helping theirselves to the money."

Mrs. Arde paused: the notion had never struck her. They were not altogether conjurors in those parts: besides the accusation of Tom, assumed to be a certainty, had kept suspicion from being directed to other quarters.

"I fancy there could not have been time for anybody else to get in," said Mrs. Arde, revolving matters.

"A thing like that's soon done—you must know it is, ma'am. Thieves be deft o'fingers."

"Of course it might be so," spoke the lady, slowly. But—was any ill-character likely to be close up at the house at that hour?'

"There's tramps and ill-folks about always at dusk, a watching what they can put their hands on," said Mary Barber. "A couple o' gypsies, big, strong men, too, was at our house o' Saturday, a wanting to sell iron skewers. One of 'em might get up to the Dene from Harebell Lane quite easy. And if none o' the servants was on the look out, why he—"

The woman stopped. Stopped as if a shot had taken her. There had flashed into her memory one whom she saw flying from the house at dusk on Saturday; flying in terror. Not a tramp; but a man who would put his hand to worse deeds, if report might be trusted, than any tramp in the three kingdoms.

"What time was it exactly that this here theft happened? "Do ye know, ma'am?"

"I don't know exactly. Some time between four and five. Nearer five, I should think, for it was quite dusk. Why do you ask?"

"Well, I—I was a wondering," returned Mary Barber, evasively, saying no more in her prudent caution. She wanted time to reflect first.

"Anyway, Mrs. Arde, don't you go on a suspecting Mr. Tom Clanwaring," were her parting words, spoken emphatically. "He'd no more touch what isn't hisn, than you or me would. He's a gentleman to his finger's ends; ay, and a right noble one. Warn't their sending of him off to that Irish Botany Bay enough for 'em, but they must bring up this."

Mrs. Arde continued her way. Mary Barber put her back against the railings to think. It happened to be in that part of the Hollow where her poor mother's cottage had stood: her feet were pressing what might once have been the kitchen floor, on which she had played in infancy. The cottage was gone, and her mother was gone, so long ago now that it's very remembrance was growing dim: and she and Sir Dene Clanwaring were drawing nearer and nearer to that other world, to which so many connected with this history and younger than they were, had passed on before them.

Not that any of these thoughts were in Mary Barber's mind then—it was otherwise occupied. What she wanted to recall was, the precise time at which she had gone over to the Dene on Saturday night. And, try as she would, she could not. All she was sure of was that it was dusk; not dark: but she had not taken note of the time. The cuckoo clock (that had passed with the other things into Mr. Tillett's possession from William Owen,) was getting old like herself, and out of order often. On Saturday it had stood still all day.

The more she reflected on it, the stronger grew her conviction that the criminal was Black. Black, and nobody else. One thought led to another. She began to doubt whether Black's state of terror had not arisen from a fear that he was being pursued; that his assertion of having seen the apparition of Robert Owen, was not an invention to account for the fear. And this was the more likely from the fact that some years had elapsed since any report of the ghost had been raised: Mary Barber had been living in the agreeable assurance that time had "laid" it. Turning back, for she had been on her way to Hurst Leet, she went straight in at the front gates of Beechhurst Dene.

"It's right that they should know I saw Black where I did," ran her thoughts, "and especially if any of 'em be a really accusing Mr. Tom. Not as I believe *that*. Black, he's a nasty one to make a enemy of; so I'll just say I see him and no more. Let Sir Dene and them do what they like in it."

Considerably astonished was Jones, the footman, when he flung open the door of the grand entrance to find nobody at it but Mary Barber. The woman knew proper manners as well as Jones did, perhaps better, and apologized for not going round to the side on the score of her time being "precious" that morning. But she did not get to see Sir Dene: he was very poorly, Jones said, and not up yet: would Lady Lydia do? Mary considered, and then, saying that my lady would do, put down her basket. But she would rather have seen Sir Dene. So she was shown into the library to my lady's presence, and to that of her two sons, who happened to be with her. My lady's curiosity was a little raised, as to what the woman could want—she had heard her come to the front entrance. She sat near the window working at some silk patchwork for bed-furniture. Jarvis and Otto were talking together by the mantlepiece.

Standing, for she was not asked to sit, Mary Barber told what she had come to tell. Barely had she finished, when Otto Clanwaring brought down his hand on the table with emphasis, as he turned to his mother and brother.

"That's it. There's the clue. I told you from the first what a shameful wrong on Tom it was, to suspect *him*. And you accuse Randy Black!" he added, approaching Mary Barber.

"Sir, I accuse nobody. Randy Black's one that I'd not like to accuse myself—he might be for drowning me in return—as perhaps he drowned somebody else years agone. I only tell you where I see him o' Saturday evening—a coming out o' here in a pucker o' fear. He gave me a plausible excuse for his fright—which is nothing to do with it, and don't matter: it might ha' been true. I couldn't keep this back on my conscience, hearing that you suspected Mr. Tom Clanwaring."

"*I* never did," spoke Otto. "It was too ridiculously absurd to those who knew him."

"Both to them as knew him and to them as didn't," answered Mary Barber. But at this moment Captain Clanwaring stepped forward, pushing aside his brother.

"We are much oblized to you of course, Mrs. Barber for this information," said he in his pleasantest tones—and the captain's could be soft and pleasant when he chose to make them so. "It is very good of you to come. But now—will you add to the obligation by keeping this doubt of Randy Black to yourself, at least until it shall have been inquired into. The fact is," he added, meeting the woman's questioning eyes, and speaking slowly, as if with unwilling reluctance, "that my suspicions have been directed to a different quarter."

"Do you mean to Mr. Tom?" independently demanded Mary Barber.

"Oh dear no. We are sure it was not he." And as the positive words fell from Jarvis's lips, Otto, put into the back ground, looked hard at his brother.

"Well, Captain Clanwaring, as to keeping my doubts of Black to myself, I'll readily promise you that, for it's just what I mean to do," answered Mary Barber. "I don't say the man was guilty; he might not ha' been anigh Sir Dene's window; I must leave you to be judge o' that. Seeing him where I did, a rushing pell mell down the path in a mortal fright, it was my duty to let you know on't. That's all."

"But—how did he account for this state of fear himself," interrupted Otto. "Surely you may tell, Mrs. Barber."

"Well, Mr. Otto, what he told me was, that he had seen something to frighten him amid the trees," she rejoined after a slight pause. "As I say, it might ha' been just a invention of his own. Good-day to you, my lady; good-day to you, sirs."

Lady Lydia nodded in reply to the salutation; she had not spoken one word throughout the interview. Otto civilly went to the front door with Mary Barber, and she made him a curtsey as she took up her basket and departed. Short though the interval was before Otto returned to the library, he found his mother and Jarvis talking fast, almost disputing. On my lady's mind there rested not a doubt that the offender was Black; her son would not admit it.

"This must be kept from everybody, Otto," spoke Jarvis, wheeling round on his brother. "From Sir Dene especially."

"And why?" asked Otto honestly. "I should take it to Sir Dene at once, and clear Tom."

"Tom shall be cleared with him so far, never fear. In fact, Sir Dene's own mind has cleared him already. Look here, Otto; I must beg of you not to interfere in this. It is essential to me—I have been telling Lady Lydia so—not to exasperate Black just now. The fact is," added Jarvis, mentally anathematising his brother's straightforward turn of mind that obliged the explanation, "I owe Black money, and can't pay him; and I believe he'd do me an ill turn were the opportunity afforded him. If we accuse him of this, it would bring on an inconvenient climax for me, for he'd be safe to come off to Sir Dene for the debt. I wish the devil had all the money!"

"What do you owe money for to Black?" asked Otto in some slight wonder.

"Tobacco," shortly answered Jarvis. "A tough score. Been accumulating for ages."

Otto knitted his brow. In his hears of hearts he despised his spendthrift elder brother. It might be detected in his voice as he spoke.

"It is no just cause for the information, that this woman has given us, being withheld from Sir Dene."

"That's only cause the first, and personal to myself," resumed Jarvis. "There's another reason, and a weightier one. I don't believe Black had anything to do with taking the bag. I suspect some one else—you heard me say so to the woman—and I want to follow up the suspicion privately. Accuse Black wrongfully, and he is sure to make a row over it, and my efforts will be defeated."

"But who is it that you suspect, Jarvis?" cried Lady Lydia impatiently. And the barrister's eyes were asking the same question.

"Just at present I cannot tell you, from the same motive. Be content to leave it with me for a little while, mother—and I'll do my best to unravel it. It is a man you would never think of—nor Otto either. Of course I may be mistaken; but I've got just a little clue, and I want to follow it up. It will take time to do it—and not a word must be said. As to Black, it was certainly not he. Bad as the man's character is, in this, I could almost answer for his innocence. Accuse him wrongfully, and his anger would know no bounds. He'd come straight off to Sir Dene in revenge and tell of the heaps of tobacco I've had, and the long amount I owe for it. There's brandy as well. Sir Dene—you know the awful fuss he makes about our keeping clear of debt round about here. He is put out with me already, as it is; and he might just send me adrift as he has sent Tom. On my *honor* I have reason to believe it was not Black; and I ask you, as a favor to myself, Otto, to bury what the woman has said in silence."

That Captain Clanwaring was terribly in earnest in this request; that he was moved almost to agitation in putting it, both his hearers saw. My lady heartily gave into it without further question, and told him it should drop. Otto tacitly did the same, mentally washing his hands of the affair altogether. It was nothing to him individually: and at the end of the week he was going back to his work in London.

CHAPTER VII.

BACK FROM BRISTOL.

Pacing the two rooms with slow and measured steps, from the bed-chamber to the sitting-room, from the sitting-room to the bed-chamber, his air not only that of a man pre-occupied with his own thoughts, but as if utterly weary of his life, went Sir Dene Clanwaring. Time was telling on him. Life and its events were telling on him. Is it true that, according as our course has been smooth and easy, imposing no check on our own imperious will and pleasure, so will a period of days more or less dark, more or less short, set in before life shall finally close? It had certainly been the case with Sir Dene Clanwaring.

That he had felt his wife's death years ago, and his favorite son Geoffry's death close upon it, as keenly as might be, was indisputable. But these events are of a class that we cannot avert, they come direct from God; we recognize them as such, and the wounds heal again. With these two exceptions Sir Dene's life had been altogether one of prosperity and enjoyment. He reigned supreme in his own neighborhood; he took his pleasure abroad at will, in the metropolis or elsewhere; he had an ample income; no trouble disturbed him. And this desirable state of things continued until he was past his seventieth year. If ever and anon at odd moments a thorn pricked his conscience, touching that old affair connected with the widow Barber, it soon disappeared again. But, almost in proportion to the extreme ease of his long life, so had been the tormenting discomfort of the past year or two.

The greatest portion of Sir Dene's love had been concentrated on his granddaughter, Margaret, the eldest child and only daughter of his eldest son. In her earlier years, when she was not of strong health and it had appeared a doubt whether she would be reared, the physicians had recommended that she should live always in country air; and therefore Beechhurst Dene became nearly entirely her home. She was a fair, gentle girl, merry of spirit, tender of heart, a favorite with all. How deeply Sir Dene grew to love her, he was perhaps not conscious of himself, until all was over. Tom was very dear to him, but not as dear as Margaret. As a rule men never experience the same fondness for boys that they do for girls. It was Margaret who made Sir Dene's home like one ever shining beam of sunlight: he grew at last not to care to leave it, because she was there. In age there was not much difference between her and Tom's; she being some few months the younger.

The day of the end was a day in January, two years ago this very month, when she was in her twenty-second year. Sir Dene was recalling it all as he paced the carpet. He was busy in his bay parlor with Mr. Tillett, who had come over from Harebell Farm to pay his rent, when Margaret put her bright face inside the door to disturb them. She wore a blue velvet gypsy hat, and her over-dress was of soft blue Cashmere, with ermine fur about it.

"We are going, grandpapa," she said. "Good-by."

"Good-by, my darling," responded Sir Dene, fondly kissing the smiling face. "Don't stay out too long."

"We shall only go there and back, grandpapa."

A young girl of fifteen, Charlotte Scrope, was visiting at Beechhurst Dene at the time, and Margaret was going to drive her as far as Henwich to see her governess—for in that healthy suburb of Worcester Miss Scrope went to school: a matter of two miles or so, from Beechhurst Dene. It was not the custom for ladies to ride on horseback then; the few who did were called masculine women; but they sometimes drove a chaise or gig in the country for convenience sake. It was a fine, clear morning, the roads frosty with bits of ice here and there; and as the pony carriage took its way out of Beechhurst Dene, Margaret driving, and a mounted groom behind them, Gander, watching at the hall door, said to himself they'd have a nice morning of it.

A nice morning. In the field skirting Dene Hollow, the field that once had been the Widow Barber's, Sir Dene's team was out ploughing. Tom Clanwaring, riding through it on horseback, halted to say something to the ploughman. As the man, whose face was towards the road, raised his head to answer, his words faltered on his tongue and his eyes dilated.

"Hullo! What's up? Look out yonder, sir!"

Tom turned, and was just in time to see the pony-carriage racing away as if flying for its life. Just in time, too, to see some one jump from it, and fall in the road. He was off his horse, and leaped the railings, and was up with Margaret—for she it was who had jumped—almost as quickly.

She lay still in her blue garments, her lifeless face white as snow. Tom raised her in his arms, but the head fell; fell as he had never seen a head fall in this world. Afraid, he dared not think of what, he knelt down and let the poor head rest upon him; and, lifting his own white face, shouted to the ploughman to mount his horse and gallop to the Dene.

The pony stopped presently of its own accord. Charlotte Scrope, who had sat still, was neither injured nor (she acknowledged) much frightened. The groom, leading the pony back again, the young lady still in her seat in the little carriage, said she could not imagine what had frightened the pony that it should have put down its ears, and backed all of a sudden, and then, giving a leap, sprang off at a gallop.

"I cannot *think* why Margaret should have been so frightened as to jump out," cried Miss Scrope. Has she fainted, Mr. Clanwaring?"

Alas! as the reader has foreseen, it was worse than fainting. Margaret Clanwaring was dead. Her neck was broken. But there were two things that would remain, and did remain, a marvel on thinking minds: why, as little Charlotte Scrope put it, she should have been so frightened as to jump out at all: and why, jumping from that low carriage, her neck should have broken. Mr. Prior talked in rather a learned manner, giving suppositions: that the head must have struck here or struck there: but people wondered, for all that.

Sir Dene came speeding down from Beechhurst Dene with the rest: he could run still, for all his more than seventy years. The first thing that particularly caught his eye was the strangely piteous aspect of Tom's face. It served to startle him.

"She's not hurt much, is she, Tom?"

"I—I—better not disturb her, sir, please," was Tom's distressed answer. "We must get something that to lay her upon."

Seven days afterwards, as Sir Dene Clanwaring stood over her grave in Hurst churchyard, the thought that had been making itself more or less heard all the week, came rushing full upon him with overwhelming force. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, read the clergyman. Ay, but Sir Dene surely saw, and took home to him, the one great indisputable fact, indisputable to his conscience, that the curse of retribution lay on the road, Dene Hollow: and that this culminating punishment had come direct from God. The sudden cutting off of his favorite and most beautiful flower, who had become the best solace of his declining life, was only the righteous judgment of Heaven. Just as Mary Barber, when consigning her poor oppressed mother to the grave in the same churchyard, had felt a sure and certain conviction that nothing but a curse could be on the fine new road which had sent the aged woman to her grave before her time; which had been made, as she at times expressed it, out of her blood and tears; so did the conviction of his mistake and folly and sin lay hold on Sir Dene as he stood over Margaret's. It was the retribution coming home to him, he mentally said: the curse working itself out.

From that hour Sir Dene Clanwaring was a changed man. The pleasantness in his days seemed to have dried up; all their sweet apples had turned to bitterness. Instead of enjoying life carelessly, looking not beyond it, he began to see how very near, in the course of nature, his own grave must be drawing: he began to realize that he had not, in this short world, been living for, or thinking much of, the Eternal one beyond. A kind of shadow, something like that which was reported to lie on Dene Hollow, lay on his heart perpetually; the shadow of a vast sorrow. Sir Dene saw quite well that it would lie on his life to the end. The time went on. Instead of shaking off petty cares and annoyances as of yore, they clung to him and told upon him in an almost unnatural degree. There were hours still when he seemed to be full of life and animation, to enjoy the social intercourse with his family as much as ever; but on the other hand there were times of depression when he could truly say the evil days had come and he found no pleasure in them.

Such an hour was this. Pacing his carpet with heavy and lagging tread, Sir Dene was dwelling on the two great sources at present embittering his life, the one a thing of the past, the other very recent—Margaret's death and Tom Clanwaring's base ingratitude. He could not have believed that he should feel the departure of Tom as keenly as he was feeling it, or have wished him back again so ardently. We never know the worth of a thing until we have lost it. Had Tom come back now and thrown himself at Sir Dene's feet in all humility, to confess his sin, and said grandfather forgive me, Sir Dene would have read him a lecture, and stormed a bit, and then hugged Tom to him in very happiness. The sin, be it always understood by the reader, was that one Tom had been unconsciously accused of in conjunction with the young lady at the Trailing Indian. No other rested on the mind of Sir Dene.

It is a bitter trial to be deceived in one whom we wholly trust. Sir Dene had trusted Tom—had believed him to be of conduct good and honorable—and the awakening brought very sharp pain. Loose conduct was not thought over-much of in those days, by Sir Dene, or anybody else. It was not that, in itself; it was the deception Tom had practiced on him: been very black when he had appeared to be wholly white. If Tom had deceived him in one point, he had perhaps in others: at anyrate, instead of being a young man of honor, open and candid and upright as the day, he must have been a very sly one, argued Sir Dene. And never to have written! Five days now since Tom's departure, and not a line from him! What though he had turned him out with harsh words of anger, Tom ought to have allowed for the passion, and condoned it: he was a young man, his grandfather an old one. Waiting at Bristol, nothing to do with his time there, and yet he could not write one word to the poor old man who had feared and loved him. Had Sir Dene been told then that Tom had written, written a gentle, loving letter, and that my lady suppressed it, he had probably turned *her* out in his fury. And there he was, telling over Tom's sins and ingratitude as he paced his carpet, and lashing himself into a state of rage about it all when Squire Arde was shown in, on his return from Bristol.

"Tom did not take that bag of money, Sir Dene," said the Squire impulsively, after explaining in two or three words where he had been to, and that he had seen Tom.

"No, that he did not," was the somewhat unexpected but emphatic answer of Sir Dene. "I was enraged against him at the time, Arde, or I should never have thought it. Mad, I think, I must ha' been. Poor Geoff was the soul of honor, and Tom takes after him."

"It's a great pity, Sir Dene, that the suspicion was caught up against him. Of course he did not take it. But who did?"

"There! let the dratted dross go. I shan't make a stir over it. Perhaps the rats—sink 'em!—got at it. Much good may it do 'em!"

The explosive answer proved how very much Mr. Arde's comments, coming upon his own previous state of mind, told on Sir Dene's temper. It was the custom in those days for country gentlemen—and town gentlemen also for that matter—to use far broader terms of speech than these. Sir Dene had usually been a notable exception, save at some rare moments when passion o'ermastered him. It appeared that passion could sometimes be in the ascendant still.

"Are you ill?" asked Mr. Arde, wondering at the irritability.

"I don't know. Ill in temper, I suppose. I miss Tom. Things go cross without him. That Weston that they've put on has been in three times this very day, asking this and asking t'other. Three times! I shall have my life bothered out. Tom was my right hand, Arde. I didn't value him when he was here, but now I look round for him every minute of the livelong day."

"Have him back," suggested the Squire.

"Not just yet. Lady Lydia would say I did it to affront her. He *was* insolent to her; there's no denying it. And there's that other thing lying always against him. He forgot his honor there."

"But what *is* that other thing?" questioned the Squire, thirsting he was about to have his curiosity gratified at last. "Tom declares he knows of nothing."

"Let it pass," snarled Sir Dene, putting up his hand impatiently to enforce the words. "I'll never give utterance to it as long as I live: I'd rather open a running sore. Tom's been a confounded fool—and that's enough. No, Arde: I can't recall him yet to Beechhurst Dene."

"A spell of absence and of Ireland will do him good," remarked Mr. Arde soothingly—for he had rarely seen Sir Dene put out so grievously as this. "It will give him the experience of the world that he'd never learn at home: and a dose of roughing it is always serviceable to young men. In regard to that money—"

"Hang the money!" roared the old man. "I won't hear any more about the money. But for thinking he had helped himself to it—and I was an idiot for my pains—I might never have let him go. When it came to the last interview, why—things might have taken a turn. I never intended that to be the last—when I gave him his instructions, and the funds for his journey. Close upon that the loss was discovered, and I locked myself up in these rooms, so as not to see him again, and gave my orders to Gander."

"I was only about to say that some one might have come in through the window, and taken it from the secretary," quietly pursued Mr. Arde. "In my opinion there's no doubt it went that way: I think Tom has none either. For all you know, Sir Dene, some one may have been concealed amid the shrubs outside and have actually watched you count the money. Have watched all that passed."

"Let it go, Arde. With one thing or another, you'll drive me mad. Of course that's how it went—have I no brains, d'ye suppose? And to think how I slandered Tom!—my own boy's son! Bury the money! I wish Parker had been buried before he'd brought it here that afternoon!"

In all this, Mr. Arde could but discern one prevailing desire, a longing to have Tom back again. The next minute Sir Dene unconsciously confirmed it in a singular degree.

"Margaret gone; gone in that awful manner; and now he's gone; gone in disgrace! What's the good of my life to me? They were the two I cared for."

"Not much difficulty, I fancy, in getting him back again before he reaches Ireland at all," thought the Squire. "You'd like Tom to be here I see, Sir Dene," said he aloud.

"Better! I daresay than he cares to come!" retorted Sir Dene. "Never to write a word to me!—it's too ungrateful, Arde."

Mr. Arde thought of the very nice letter he himself had received from Tom, and wondered. During their interview at Bristol, the subject was not started, and Tom did not happen to mention that he had written to his grandfather.

"But—has he not written to you, Sir Dene?"

"Not a word. He is bearing malice, you see. I didn't think it of him. Or else he's ashamed to write. There: let it go, I say. Come in at five and eat a bit o' dinner with me, Arde. Goodness knows I'm dull enough. We'll have it up here alone together, you and I."

"Tom shall get a private hint from me not to hurry away from Bristol, and to write to the old man forthwith," mentally decided the Squire, as he accepted the invitation. "In a week's time he'll be back at Beechhurst Dene."

Would he! If things did but go according to our wishes, well-laid plans might succeed. The first link in the chain of events, destined to frustrate Squire Arde's good intentions, was woven even as he left Sir Dene's presence.

Turning in at the library door, to say how d'ye do to the family, and to tell them he had been to Bristol, Mr. Arde came upon Otto. Otto alone. He was leaning back in an arm-chair, his feet on the fender, reading some dry law-book. The barrister was going up to London by the morrow's night mail from Worcester; a letter received that morning, was taking him away a day or two earlier than he had intended. Putting the book down, he rose from his seat to shake hands with Mr. Arde.

"I'm heartily glad you've been to see him, Squire!" spoke Otto earnestly as they stood over the fire, and he listened to the details of the Squire's journey. "In my opinion Tom has been shamefully used among us."

"Sir Dene wants him back already; I see that plainly," returned the Squire. "As you say, he has been badly used."

"Fancy his being accused of taking that bag of money!" continued Otto. "Great asses they must all have been to think it."

"Ay. But now—who would have taken it?"

"Who! Why Randy Black."

"Randy Black!" echoed Mr. Arde in great amazement.

And the exclamation caused Otto to remember what in the impulse of the moment he had quite forgotten—his brother's earnest injunction not to speak of Mr. Randy. He set himself to repair the damage in the best way he could.

"Look here, Squire; I ought not to have spoken of this," he said, dropping his voice. "Vargey has got some idea in his head as to another man—not Black—and has sworn us all to silence in the interests of justice. Don't let it go any further."

The Squire nodded. "Do you happen to know who the other is?"

"Jarvis won't say; it might defeat inquiry, he thinks. For my own part, I privately believe there's no doubt it was Black. Not to speak of the man's bad character, appearances are nearly conclusive against him."

"Do you object to tell me what they are?"

"Not at all—as I have told you so much. But mind you keep counsel."

"Of course I'll keep it," said the Squire. "I'd not help to defeat the ends of justice for the world."

And Otto Clanwaring, perfectly satisfied of that, with or without the assurance, related what had come to their knowledge. About the time that the robbery was committed, Randy Black was seen to fly down the side path, leading direct from the bay window, in what seemed to be an agony of terror—"Which terror might of course have been caused by a fear of pursuit—and most probably was," concluded Otto.

"But who saw this?" questioned Mr. Arde.

"It was Mary Barber. She was coming across here, it seems to borrow something of the cook; and met Black in this state. I never met any case that looked more like a circumstantial evidence of guilt in my experience," continued the barrister with as much assumption of dignity as though he had been the lord chief baron of the realm.

Mr. Arde agreed. In his own mind he deemed the evidence perfectly conclusive against Black. "Sir Dene does not know of this, does he?" he asked.

"Not yet. Jarvis wants to follow up his suspicion first in quiet; if Sir Dene were told, he would be sure to make a stir in it, and accuse Black. And that would—would spoil sport," concluded Otto after a slight pause of consideration, during which he had remembered that he had no right and no need to allude to the other motive given by his brother for keeping Black's name from Sir Dene—the debt.

"Any way, whichever it may turn out to be, "I'll answer for it that it was not Tom Clanwaring," concluded Mr. Arde, as he shook hands to leave.

"I'd have answered for that myself all along—and told them so," was the reply of Otto. "Mind you keep counsel abroad, Squire. Above all, don't let out to Jarvis that I've said anything. He'd think at once it was going to be proclaimed to the parish."

Squire Arde nodded.

"All safe. Trust me."

He went slowly down the front avenue, with his hands in his pockets. The Squire was in no hurry: upon arriving at his home that day, he found his wife and daughter absent. Not expecting him—in fact not knowing when he would return, or where it was he had gone—they had driven over to spend the day with some friends living in the neighborhood of Powick. One of the

children at the lodge—it was a fresh generation there now—ran out with a smiling face, and held open the small gate for the Squire: for which he patted her head and dropped a halfpenny into her blue cotton pinafore.

"How's mother?" asked he.

"Mother's a getting better, thank yer honor," said the child, bobbing straight down. "Dick, he says we shall ha' some snow-balling afore to-morrow," gratuitously added she, her eyes brightening at the prospect.

"May be," returned the Squire. "There, run in."

Outside the gate he stood, revolving what he had heard. A slight covering of snow lay on the ground, just enough to make the fields and roads white. The little girl, peeping from the door, thought his honor was contemplating the landscape in reference to the tempting prospect of snow-balling. Mr. Arde was debating whether, instead of turning home at once, where nobody waited for him, he would not rather go to Harebell Farm and question Mary Barber. He felt half inclined to continue his walk also, from thence, to the Trailing Indian.

"All safe. Trust me;" the Squire had said to Otto Clanwaring; and said it in perfect good faith. He would no more have gone talking of this matter to a stranger than he would have set the Worcester bell-man to cry it in the city the next market-day; but it never occurred to him to think that he might not speak of it privately to the only one to whom (apart from Beechhurst Dene) the incident concerning Black was known—who had been the one to witness it, and to carry it to the Dene—Mary Barber. Rather, he considered, it was a secret lodged between himself and her; and one that concerned him in whom they were both interested, and of whose innocence both felt equally sure—Tom Clanwaring.

"I'll go," decided the Squire. "I've got plenty of time on my hands, and a longer walk this sharp day 'll do me good. Precious cold that homeward journey was: one's feet get frozen travelling such weather as this."

"Good day, Squire. So you're back again, sir!"

The salutation came from Cole, the farrier, who met the Squire as he was wheeling round.

"Just back," returned the Squire. "I've been to Bristol."

A light shone in Cole's eyes. The words revealed to him that he had been to see Tom Clanwaring.

"Is he really a going to Ireland, Squire?"

"That he is, Cole: according to present intentions."

"What a shame it was, their suspecting him about that bag of money!" returned Cole. "As if Mr. Tom 'ud do dirty work o' that sort!"

"Pooh, that was all nonsense," said the Squire, carelessly. "It's known it wasn't he."

"Ay, sure, or else I might ha' put a spoke in the wheel for him myself," returned Cole, in a significant tone that caught the Squire's ear. "I saw somebody that same evening, not a hundred miles off Sir Dene's bay parlor."

"I know!" cried the Squire, in his incautious impatience. "T'was Randy Black."

Cole glanced keenly at the Squire, as if in some slight surprise; and then his eyes went straight out into the faraway horizon. It was only that morning that he had received Tom Clanwaring's letter, enjoining silence.

"As to Randy Black, if all told be true, he's capable o' worse things than stealing money," returned the farrier, carelessly. "But I'm not a going to mix myself up in his affairs. Good day, Squire."

"Good day, Cole."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE WORLD A STAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Ah! well, and what if it is; is that any reason why we should be always rehearsing a part, and that part often belonging to some other performer?

Truth to say, some people never in all their lives devote more than a single hour to reality; and that the hour of their death.

Reader, do you possess among your acquaintances, one who is so continuously repeating paragraphs from one author or another, that you sometimes feel like advising him to train his moustache *a la* quotation-mark, and thus save himself the trouble of giving the authors? If so, you can have a faint idea of the people I will try to describe to you; people whose entire lives seem to be but one continued quotation. In contemplating such persons, one would think they could not, had they been cast in a play, sustain their *mimic* of life to better advantage.

The representations upon the world's stage, like those of its counterpart, are separated into but two divisions, Comedy and Tragedy: though, with both, the comedy is sometimes toned down, like parties in Lent, till it becomes almost as serious as tragedy; and the tragedy, itself, has grades, like fashionable mourning, from very heavy to none at all, till it is quite difficult, at times, to tell where the comedy ends, and the tragedy begins. By this arrangement, while one half of the world laughs, the other half weeps; and in each case the spectators clap when an actor makes a hit, the curtain falls, and the player and his part are alike forgotten.

Taking the two extremes, we will first interview the representative of very Light Comedy; or, in the more familiar phrase, "The funny man." Who does not know him? For he does not believe in hiding his light under a bushel, but advertises in display type, and is never so happy as when he draws a full house, as he generally does. Fellow him to everyday life, and the more reserved —or, as he himself will probably term them "The Rigidly Righteous"—will shrug their shoulders, and say: "I would not, for the world, be such a buffoon!" He jokes with his boot-black, or the beggar with whom he shares his pence, pretty much as he would on occasion, with a President or a clergyman. In fact, the serious difficulty is to tell when he is *not* joking; and in his presence one always labors under the unpleasant conviction, that as likely as not you are being taken in.

But this merry-andrew is, after all, far preferable to the heavy-tragedy man. With his brow shrouded in suggestive gloom, and an interesting paleness overspreading his countenance—one can cultivate pallor just like anything else—he stalks dreamily among men, never appearing to seek observation, yet perfectly secure in obtaining that desirable result, and effectually casting the "wet blanket" over the enjoyment of all those with whom he comes in contact. What if he has seen trouble? Does he not know that this is not a sympathetic world, as a general thing, and that those very people who play the part of comforters, will most likely sneer at his weakness behind the scenes? Alas! the most of mankind have secret tragedy enough in their own lives; and to each one his neighbor's troubles seem trifling beside his own.

These are the grand divisions of the art histronic. But these again are subdivided into "parts," of which let us notice a few.

First, of course, is the Star; which, as is often the case with stars, becomes a sun for the time being, around which the lesser lights revolve; though, laying all romance aside, this luminary is often of minor importance to some of his satellites, if the public would only cheer by favor, instead of by fashion. Now, where is there one among all the theatres of society, ever long at a time without its star? Yet, who does not know how soon some of these stars lose their lustre?

Then we have the "Juvenile Gentleman," who usually plays the lovers; and he, too, has his counterpart in life, only with this difference: he of the stage, as a general rule, plays the lover to but one, while the "Juvenile Gentleman" of society makes love to all.

Each of the other parts are, in like manner, duplicated in life; till, last of all, we notice the "Walking Gentleman," whose duty it is to fit himself into any part that is at hand. How readily we recognise this character, who is grave with the deacon and jolly with the publican, who plays deep with the thinker and shallow with the fool, who talks agriculture with the farmer and fashion with the fop, who discusses the various virtues of herb tea with Grandmother Green, and joins enthusiastically in the praise of cold water as a cure with Dr. Hydropathy.

Yes, there are actors to fit each part in the cast, and blessed is that stock-company where each player gets the part best adapted to his ability. We all know what a grave mistake it is when an artist on the lesser stage makes a blunder in choosing his role; and yet half the people on this great stage of ours have committed that very serious error.

And how ridiculous it is to see people who should play serio-comedy at least, putting on tragedy airs over the most commonplace circumstances in life. Such persons never have an ordinary affair on their hands, but every event of their lives, even the most trivial, is magnified in the lens of their own self-importance, till they dare not make a move lest some untold result follow. Even the small things of everyday life, to which they have condescended, immediately become fraught with unusual interest, and pregnant with good or ill to all those within the circle of their influence. To this class belongs the man who stops his paper because the editor in his rampage against folly or vice happens to tread upon his corns, or withdraws his sixpence custom from some tradesman who does not set his prices to suit him. He annihilates the cook by leaving his dinner untasted, or somebody else by quitting the room, where, ten chances to one, his society was not very much coveted in the first place. If he pay one the most common courtesy he will do it with the air of a martyr, as much as to say, "Just see how I discommode myself for you;" thus metamorphosing into a task that which should be a real pleasure to each member of the mutually-dependent human family, and making it a positive humiliation to become the recipient of his favor. He does not usually complain in words, oh! no, for that would dim the glory of his martyrdom; but to such, the Divine command, "Bear ye one another's burdens," is a hard penalty one has to pay for living among his kind, rather than the unfailing recipe that it is for the home manufacture of one's own happiness. People of this style are apt to rush to the fine arts, upon the rostrum, or into print, and each picture or statue, each oration, or each newspaper article is sure to create a profound sensation (in prospect.) They are constantly expecting to electrify the world, and consequently it frequently happens that they are lost in astonishment to find that the solar system still performs its accustomed functions, and the "world wags," notwithstanding their amiable efforts to the contrary.

There is also another fact in connection with the stage that is notably true of the theatre of life: it is that in both each performer is anxious to secure the very best "part" possible to him, and, strange to say, there is actually no limit to the supposed possibilities, each member of the ballet aspiring to "leading business" by-and-by. There is this slight difference, however, in what is considered by each as the best "parts;" on the stage of life, each actor grasps after the character of greatness; while, on the stage proper, the king is often played by the veriest "stick" in the company. It is the part that gives most room for acting, and the greatest number of speeches rich in happy "hits" which pleases "the show people;" and if it happen to evolve the character of a stable-boy, or chamber-maid, it is altogether indifferent to them.

There was an amateur dramatic association playing during the war, in a certain city, for the benefit of the soldiers. A fine play was advertised, and many tickets sold, when an unexpected difficulty arose. The sensible young man who had taken the "part" representing a servant, (which, by-the-way, was one of the most important in the play) became ill, and not one of the other young gentlemen of the association would agree to fill, even for an evening, a position so obscure. The play was about to fail, when H——, a very fine actor who was spending his summer vacation in the city agreed to take it. The play went on; and, as the newspaper reporter said the next day: "woman; "the mountain and the camp is not for me. I am old, and I would but be den you. Good-by, since you will go; but very careful, and return again before it leaf is brown." And she stooped and kiss tenderly with her withered lips the swe warm cheek of the lovely girl.

In another moment Theodosia was gon and Tarsois turned wearily to her wor Leaving the cottage, the former mov quickly down a dusty hedgerow till s reached an unfrequented by-road runnin parallel with the highway. The level ra of sunset streamed through the openin in the straggling hedge, lighting up h care-worn features in eleven words; though, for that matter, an older stager still has given it in nine,

"Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

My beloved, let me exhort you, when you make your "cast" in the great drama of life, to be sure you choose the "role" for which Dame Nature intended you; and, above all, be certain you make the most of your "part."

MOUSE-IN-THE CORNER.

FAR AND NEAR.

☞ "I'm half inclined to do it," as the soldier said when he touched his toes with his fingers.

☞ A Cincinnati servant girl stole two wagon loads of furniture while the family were at the theatre.

☞ Somebody having said that Phœbe Cozzens had "Ohio features," it is suggested that Ohio has only one i, if that's what he means.

☞ Some author says that one of the uses of adversity is to bring us out. That's true, especially at the knees and elbows.

☞ A woman charged with being a witch was recently burnt alive in the public square of a town in Peru. The cruel punishment was ordered by the Lieutenant Governor and Judge of the Province.

☞ The New York Mail reports that the natives of a Connecticut village gave a young lady visitor who dressed in the very height of the present fly-away style, with ribbons, dangles and streamers, the complimentary appellation of "the devil's rag bag."

☞ Captain Hall, of the Polaris, was the recipient of many presents prior to the departure of his expedition. One of these was a tin can carefully sealed, labelled "Not to be opened until the Polaris has reached the arctic seas." But on its passage to the navy-yard, or being shipped, it met with an accident, and the secret leaked out. It was a can of patent axle-grease, with which Capt. Hall or his survivors were affectionately requested by letter to lubricate the axle of this slow-going world, if found at the pole.

☞ LAZINESS.—Above all things avoid laziness. There is plenty to do in this world for every pair of hands placed on it, and we must so work that the world will be richer because of our having lived in it.

☞ A small blue velvet, gold-bound prayer-book is the correct thing for Flora McFlimsey on Sunday at the seaside.

☞ Connecticut men always marry small wives if possible, so that seven yards of calico will make a dress.

☞ Lightning killed a cat in a Quebec girl's lap, and didn't singe the girl.

☞ Wehli, the pianist, sleeps in yellow kids.

☞ Texas invalids are apprised of their approaching dissolution by seeing the doctor trying on their coats and boots.

☞ There is an old fellow in Brooklyn who snores so loud, that he is obliged to sleep at a house in the next street, to avoid awakening himself.

☞ It is stated that tame tigers frequently learn to smoke.

☞ It was so hot in Montgomery, Alabama, one day last week, that a wag proposed to build a fire in his stove to cool the atmosphere.

☞ An old lady from one of the rural districts, astonished a clerk in one of the stores a few days ago, by inquiring if he had any "yaller developments sich as they did up letters in."

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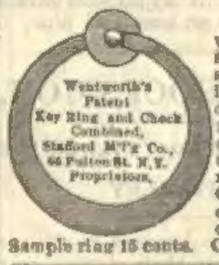

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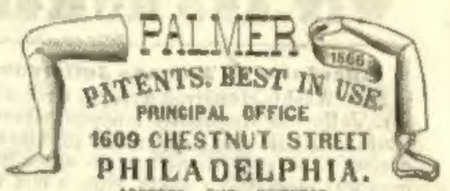

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Anecdotes of Thomas Jefferson.

Near Washington lived a friend with whom Mr. Jefferson frequently stopped when en route to Monticello, and on one of these occasions a servant rushed in to say a negro man was bleeding to death from a cut with an axe. The distance to a physician being considerable Mr. Jefferson proposed that he should sew up the wound, which was in the calf of the fellow's leg, and did so successfully, remarking at the time that it seemed strange that the thick flesh coverings and defences of the bones in the human limbs were on the back of those members, while the danger of fracture came generally from the front. This being mentioned as an instance of Mr. Jefferson's acuteness of perception to the physician, who had arrived late upon the scene, that worthy man, partly from disgust at having been robbed of his patient, and partly from being a most bitter political opponent of the President, broke out, raising his hands with horror: "Well, what is the world coming to! Here this fellow Jefferson, after turning upside down everything on the earth, is now quarrelling with God Almighty himself!" Instance number two is told of an equally devoted party friend of Mr. Jefferson's, who was exulting that even in dying on the Fourth of July his hero reflected new lustre on the sublime principles of the party. Some one here brought the news that John Adams, the leader of the Federalist or opposing party, had died on the same day. For a time the ardent Jeffersonian would not believe it, but being at last satisfied of the fact, exclaimed in a passion, "It was a mean Yankee trick!"—*Mrs. Randolph's Domestic Life of Jefferson.*

Trapping an Audience.

Some years ago an eccentric genius, the Rev. Thomas P. Hunt, used to give temperance lectures. One night he announced that he would lecture in Easton. Now temperance was not in favor among the male portion of that burg. The women, however, were all in for the "pledge," and, consequently, on Hunt's first night not a man showed himself. The benches were pretty well filled with women though, and Hunt commenced; but instead of temperance, he put them through on the vanities of dress, etc. They wore great stuffed feather sleeves then. They—the sleeves—caught it, then their tight lacings, and so on through the whole catalogue of female follies; not a word about temperance. And the ladies went home hopping mad, told their husbands about it, and voted old Hunt down to the lowest notch.

He had announced that he would lecture at the same place the next night. Long before the time appointed they commenced to come, and when Hunt hobbled down the aisle, the building was comfortably well filled with men. The old fellow looked about, chuckled, and muttered: "Hogs, I've got you now!" The audience stared. "Aha, hogs, I've got you now!"

After the crowd had got quiet a little, the lecturer said:

"Friends, you wanted to know what I meant by saying, 'Hogs, I've got you now,' and I'll tell you. Out West the hogs run wild; and when folks get out of meat they catch a young pig, put a strap under his body, and hitch him to a young sapling that will just swing him from the ground nicely. Of course he squeals and raises a rumpus, when all the old hogs gather round to see what's the matter, and then they shoot them at their leisure. Last night I hung a pig up; I hurt it a little, and it squealed. The old hogs have turned out to-night to see the fun, and I'll roast you," and so he did, pitching into their favorite vice with a relish and a gusto.

Very "Moving."

A few nights since, at a late hour, the speaking tube at the office door of one of New Haven's popular physicians (and which leads too near the pillow of his bed in an upper chamber) was used by some midnight wag, to the following effect: The doctor was in a sound sleep, when he was partially awakened by a "halloo" through the tube, when the following dialogue took place:

"Well, what do you want?"

"Does Dr. Jones live here?"

"Yes; what do you want?"

"Are you Dr. Jones?"

"Yes."

"Dr. Simon Jones?"

"Yes—yes! what do you want?"

"Why, how long have you lived here?"

"Some twenty years; why?"

"Why? Why in thunder don't you move?"

"If you stay there about ten seconds more you'll find I am moving!" and he bounded out of bed, but the patient was heard "moving" down the street at a rate that defied pursuit.

Drawing.

"Can you draw at all, young man?" asked Uncle Raphael of an applicant for private instruction.

"Oh yes, considerable," replied the candidate. "At ten years of age I could draw beer, cider, or sled up a hill; at twelve, a truck loaded with cabbage; at fifteen, a prize in a lottery; at seventeen, an inference; and at twenty, a bill of exchange. If I were an actor, I reckon I could draw the largest kind of a house; but I'm going to be a teacher, and shall have to be content with drawing a salary—the bigger the better."

"Well, you may draw up a chair and sit down," said Uncle Raphael; "you'll do *for* a beginner."

COMPREHENDED THE SITUATION.—The fleshy owner of a crow bait span was complaining to some bystanders that he did not know what was the matter with his horses. He had tried everything he could hear of—condition powder and all other specifics—but to no purpose. They would not improve in flesh. A stable boy of Irish persuasion, whose sympathies were aroused by the story, comprehended the situation, and modestly asked, "Did yees iver try corn?"

☞ Alexander Dumas, *fils*, assisted at a grand dinner given in Paris before the siege, and was particularly witty and satirical. In the course of the conversation he happened to allude to a rather delicate subject concerning one of his best friend. The latter called on him the following day and mildly remonstrated. "Mon cher, you are very witty, I confess, and your talents in that line is known; but, really, you are not obliging, and I am sure you would sacrifice your best friend for the sake of a good joke." "Most assuredly," answered Dumas; "friends pass away, but good sayings live forever."

A CRUEL DUCK.

GEORGE (intending to ask his affianced to crown his hopes.)—"Dearest Matilda, there's a subject that's nearest to our hearts—would you think it too soon?—might I hope that by the end of August—"

MATILDA.—"Yes, dear, I think I shall be ready—to go home to dear papa and mamma, by the end of August; but now, if you please, we will go back to the hotel."

THE MOON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY GEORGE M. VICKERS.

Serenely, O moon, thou art beaming to-night,
Tracking the sea with thy silvery light;
Piercing the forest—thy beautiful rays
Are patching the ground in fantastical ways.
On city, on hamlet, on palace and hut,
On the far-stretching plain, in the deep mountain cut,
Thy mellow beams softly on all alike fall—
O queen of the night thou hast homage from all!
From the glistening dew, from the true lover's sigh,
From the cricket's shrill voice and the katy-did's cry.
Thy heart-softening power all races have felt;
To thy soothing appeal the most callous must melt.
O mute sympathizer, invoker of tales!
A fleet of heart-secrets each night to thee sails.
To the shipwrecked at sea, when the storm clears away,
And calm night succeeds to the boisterous day,
All huddled on raft, or clinging to spar,
There's a hope in thy beams that no danger can mar.
When red in the east thou ascendest the sky,
And thy disc meets the half-naked savage's eye,
He pauses and feels as he views thy bright light
That a greater than he is displaying His might.
E'er since by Omnipotence whirled into space,
Thou hast gladdened the night with thy radiant face.
To nations long dead and forgotten by man,
Thou wast familiar when first they began;
Through their ages of splendor, their waning away,
Till the last mould'ring relic succumbed to decay.
And so till Jehovah's dread voice bids thee stay,
And the night is absorbed by Eternity's day,
Thou shalt in thine orbit thy mission pursue,
A bright silver ship in an ocean of blue.

A QUEER PROCESSION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY CLIO STANLEY.

First there were the beggars in Chinery Alley; tattered and torn their clothes, worn and weary their faces. Not bright faces such as *you* see on a holiday, when the children turn out in gay crowds—but dull little faces that had never looked on green fields or sunny gardens; sorrowful faces that had never watched the sweet light shining in their mother's eyes.

It was a motley crew, and at the head of it was a black-eyed boy, with curly locks and red cheeks, that all the pitiful days of starvation and neglect could not make pale. He had a brave heart though, beating under his well-worn jacket, and he didn't mean *always* to stay where he was then, and *what* he was then—a beggar in Chinery Alley!

Next in the procession, came an old blind woman whose face was brown and wrinkled, whose hands were weak and trembling, but whose heart was young and full of kindly impulses; who had kept her soul white as the soul of a little child, and who sought the Master's presence, night and morning, to know what he had for her to do.

And so the work for which she had waited came to her door, in the shape of the curly-haired boy; and as she cared for him and taught him, he grew to love her almost as if she had been his mother; and finally he began to work for *her*. The love grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength, until he reached man's estate—and the poor blind woman to-day sits at his fireside, and tells *his* children stories of the barefooted children in Chinery Alley!

Next in the line came a cross-eyed man, whose words were crosser than his looks, and whose hard hands used to leave ugly marks on the face and neck of the black-eyed boy. *He* travels along on a crutch that has been broken many a time through his own ill-temper and mended with the pennies he squeezed out of the poor boy's pockets. Not a boy or a girl in Chinery Alley ever had occasion to thank *him* for anything!

Now there come a dozen faces—some grave, some gay; and some were the faces of good angels who stood between the curly-haired boy and the world's temptations; and some the faces of bad angels who beckoned him on to the highway where weeds grew, where birds forgot to sing, where black clouds loomed up from the horizon, where Spring winds never came, and the earth held no memories of Eden.

Some faces over whose pale beauty the bluest violets have shed their perfume for many years; some forms that have long since gone down into the dust; whose hands will never again clasp those of the black-eyed boy of Chinery Alley, until he goes down into the dust beside them. And their dust shall blossom together, perhaps, in violets and bright-hearted daisies!

Last of all the queer procession, comes a fair, sweet woman; no longer young, for her marriage morn has been sealed in Heaven seven times, and the four black-eyed boys that shout about her, and the three blue-eyed girls that follow their father's steps are all her own. The promise of her youth is fulfilled in their bright faces, and there is no room in her heart for regret!

You never saw my queer procession? No. For I am the black-eyed boy—once a beggar in Chinery Alley, and it is only at nightfall, that, softly up and down the aisles of Memory, the queer procession passes, with no music save what rings in heart-throbs, and no banners save the wavy tresses, black and gold, that float about my old arm chair, and glint in the pleasant fireshine!

About Insects.

Now that the warm days have come, insects of different kinds come out of their hiding-places, and buzz or crawl or run about. It is very interesting to watch them, and to notice the different ways they have. They seem to have a happy time of it.

"I should think they did," says Mr. Short. "I saw a spider yesterday catching flies. He seemed to be very happy; indeed, I might say he was jolly. But what about the poor flies? What was happiness to the spider was death to them. They didn't seem to have a very happy time of it while they were struggling in the beautiful silken web which the fat old spider had made for them. What's the use of spiders or flies either, I should like to know?"

Where's Dr. Beetle? Come, doctor, speak up. Mr. Short wants to know what these insects are good for.

"Well, suppose I can't tell him; it does not follow that they are of no use. God makes nothing in vain. He has a wise and good purpose in all the works of his hands, even though we cannot understand it. If flies and spiders were able to talk, they might ask: 'What's the use of Mr. Short?'"

Take care, doctor. Mr. Short's a very useful man. He helps our chat along very much.

"I know that," says the doctor. "I don't mean to say that he is of no use; but only that flies and spiders may not know anything more about him than he does about them—that's all. Beg your pardon, friend Short. Didn't mean to hurt your feelings. And now let me tell you a story:—

"WHAT ARE THEY GOOD FOR?

"A young prince used often to wonder for what purpose God had made flies and spiders, as he could not see, he said, what *use* they were to men; and if he had the power to kill them all, he would. One day, after a battle, he was obliged to hide from his enemies; and, wandering about in a wood, he lay down beneath a tree and fell asleep. A soldier passing by, who belonged to the enemy, was quietly drawing near with his sword to kill the prince, when suddenly a fly stung his lip and woke him. Seeing his danger, he sprang to his feet and escaped.

"That night the prince again hid himself in a cave in the same wood, and during the night a spider wove her web across the entrance. Two soldiers belonging to the army which had defeated him, and who were looking for the prince, passed the cave in the morning, and the prince heard their conversation. 'Look,' cried one of them, 'he is surely concealed in this cave.' 'No,' replied the other, 'that is impossible; for if he had gone in there, he would have brushed down the spider's web at the entrance.' When they had gone away, the prince raised his hands and his eyes to heaven, and thanked God for yesterday saving his life by means of a fly, and now again by a spider, and acknowledged that the ways and works of God are perfectly good and wise."

The young prince learned a very useful lesson. Twice did insects save his life from his enemies.

☞ Many young children and half-grown girls are afflicted with curvature of the spine, which is produced, the doctors affirm, by requiring them to practice several hours a day on the piano, without any support for the backs or feet.

So in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither—
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

ON LOVING.—The more tenderly and warmly one loves, so much more does he discover in himself defects rather than charms, that render him not worthy of the beloved. Thus are our little faults first made known to us, when we have ascended the higher steps of religion. The more we satisfy the demands of conscience the stronger they become. Love and religion are here like the sun. By more daylight and torchlight, the air of the apartment is pure and undisturbed by a single particle; but let in a sunbeam, and how much dust and motes are hovering about!—*J. P. Richter.*

☞ A carpenter, being asked for a riddle, propounded the following: "I picked it up; I couldn't find it; I put it down, and went along with it." No one could guess it. It was a splinter in his foot.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROMANCE (Chicago, Ill.) writes: "There is something romantic in the story I am going to tell you, but that does not hinder its being true, for we know that 'truth is stranger than fiction.' I am an orphan, not exactly wealthy, but with considerable property. My father desired that I should marry a cousin, a person whom I have never seen, and am sure that I could not endure. The fact is I have a gentleman acquaintance so much more agreeable to me than this cousin is likely to prove, that I feel inclined to disobey my father's wishes. Do you think it right that the desires of the dead should hamper the living? This cousin is about to come out here, and as he don't know me I am inclined to try a plan I have heard of, represent myself to be poor and dependent upon the bounty of my aunt. If it is my money that attracts him, as I am inclined to think it is, this will surely prove it. Do you think this would be a good course for me to pursue?" An excellent plan, and always sure to end happily, the hero to prove disinterested, and the heroine to love him devotedly—in novels. How it will act in real life remains to be tried, but we would advise you to not be taking as your own the property of novelists. Some of the scenes might be pushed the wrong way, or some other hitch in the proceedings take place, not so easily arranged for in real life as in the pages of a romance. It seems to us that you are too romantic to be able to judge wisely in an affair of this kind. We would advise you either to take your father's advice, accept the lover of his choice and dismiss the one of your fancy; or otherwise and better remain unmarried until you can rid yourself of these romantic notions, and form your decision on the basis of common sense. If your cousin has any shrewdness you would not find it so easy to deceive him, and might yourself prove the deceived one.

MORMAN (Terre Haute) writes: "I would like to ask your advice in my case, as I am entirely unable to decide what I had best do. I was a soldier in the war, and served through it, leaving behind me a wife, but no children. I was taken prisoner during the war, and lay a long while at Andersonville. It was reported that I was dead. On my return north my wife had disappeared, and I have not been able to hear of her since till about a month ago. I learn now that she thought I was dead and married again, and is now living in California with her new husband. I don't know what to do. Could I not bring a suit of bigamy against her? I would not have her as my wife again, but think they both ought to be punished." For what? According to your own showing they have acted in perfect innocence, fully supposing you to be dead. Your bigamy suit would not hold water in such a case. If you don't want her, we see no special reason why you should disturb their dream of happiness, by attempting to prove to them that they are not legally married.

AN INJURED WIFE (Carlisle, Pa.,) writes: "I have been long thinking of asking advice, as I am placed under very distressing circumstances, and hope you may favor me, through your correspondent's column, with your kind advice and counsel. I have been for many years enduring martyrdom. My husband, shortly after we were married, fell into a habit of hard drinking, and has long rendered my life miserable, treating me badly, and spending a large portion of his scanty wages for liquor. I have been forced to endure this as I could not help myself, and had a family of young children to bring up, so that I could not live without the little aid I got from him. My children are now grown up, so that they can help me, and I wish you to tell me if there is not some way to escape his bad treatment? The house we live in, and the furniture too, belong to me. Can I not force him to leave it, if I am content to do without his assistance? Would it be a very difficult matter to obtain a divorce? Or is there any better course of action which you could advise? I am very unhappy, and anything would be better than my present life. Please be so kind as to give me an early answer." If he refuses to leave the house you will not find it an easy matter to force him out of it, as the law will not aid you in expelling him. You may or may not find it easy to obtain a divorce. But the law will protect you from brutal treatment, even from a husband, and if he strikes, or even threatens you, you can have him bound over to keep the peace, and can have him punished with imprisonment if he repeats his ill treatment.

ANXIOUS (Centre Co., Pa.) writes: "I have two boys, aged respectively seventeen and nineteen, who have been brought up on a farm. They are good, industrious boys, and I have every reason to be satisfied with their conduct. They are in a fair way to make good farmers, but are unfortunately growing dissatisfied with the business, and are wanting me to move to the city. Now I have heard much of the perils and temptations of city life, and dread the submitting my boys to their influence. But as I have never lived in a city I may be judging wrongfully, and hope you will oblige by informing me if city life is really so dangerous to the morals as it is reputed to be. Also what are the chances of obtaining remunerative employment for those who have no trades." City life has undoubtedly an abundance of perils and temptations, which are often peculiarly fascinating to those who have not seen their evil side. Your boys are just of an age which is likely to be attracted by the shining sins of the city, and, as you indicate, utterly without the experience necessary to guard them against these temptations. In regard to their obtaining employment the chances are that they would have to wait a long time before obtaining any lucrative positions, as they would first have to learn some new business. We should strongly advise you then to resist this desire on their part, at least till they have thoroughly mastered their present business, by which time their judgment may be sufficiently matured to enable them to safely decide for themselves.

THOMAS GRAIG (Philadelphia) writes: "Dear Post, will you not favor us with your kind advice, and we shall be ever grateful? We want to go to Cape May, or Atlantic City, or somewhere else, a-summering, and we have no male escort kindly volunteering to to protect us and pay our way—and, in fact, are not disposed to accept one if one should kindly volunteer. Now what we want to trouble you about is, would it be entirely correct for three individuals of the feminine persuasion to go alone to any of those places, unprotected by the sheltering wing of a male helped? We want to be independent, to pay our own way, to paddle our own canoe, without any of those dreadful men sitting foot in the boat and upsetting all our plans." We confess ourselves surprised that three girls could be found so utterly heterodox, and cannot help believing that far down in the depths of your hearts there hides a lurking desire for some of these dreadful creatures. We certainly should not advise you to go alone to any place of fashionable resort, though there are numberless places, out of the bounds of fashion and etiquette, where you can safely hide your diminished heads. If your objection to male companionship be merely the desire to pay your own way, why not adopt the plan proposed by a late contributor to this column, and when you invite your protector do it with the stipulation that you will pay your own bills? If you expect to ignore the male sex in your journey through life, you are destined to be three sadly disappointed girls.

[illegible] he had rarely seen Sir Dene put out so [illegible]evously as this. "It will give him the [illegible]perience of the world that he'd never [illegible]en at home: and a dose of roughing it is [illegible]ways serviceable to young men. In regard [illegible] that money—"

"Hang the money!" roared the old man. [illegible] won't hear any more about the money. [illegible]t for thinking he had helped himself to [illegible]—and I was an idiot for my pains—I might [illegible]ver have let him go. When it came to [illegible]e last interview, why—things might have [illegible]ken a turn. I never intended that to be [illegible]e last—when I gave him his instructions, [illegible]d the funds for his journey. Close upon

[illegible]t. WILSON (St. Louis, Mo.,) writes: "Please inform me, a constant reader of your paper, what is the Taj Mahal? I have seen it mentioned as a remarkable specimen of architecture, yet have not been able to discover to what building the name refers." The Taj Mahal is the most perfect and magnificent specimen of Saracenic architecture existing in India, or, we should say, in the world. It was built by the Moral emperor, Shah Johan, as a mausoleum for his dead queen, Nourmahal, that marvel of Eastern beauty whom Moore has rendered famous in his "Light of the Harem." The building is celebrated for the exquisite harmony of its proportions, for the beauty of its interior, and for the rich carving and inlaid work with which it is everywhere adorned. It said that the entire Koran is inlaid in letters of black marble in its walls.

AGRICULTURAL.

Three Points in Hay-Making.

It may not be too late for our readers to receive some benefit from the following practical points relating to the management of the hay crop, which have been established by the investigations of scientific men who have given much time to an investigation of the matter:—

I. The chief point in hay-making is to preserve the hay from rain and dew. Water washes away the soluble salts and other nourishing properties, and when in the mow causes fermentation that injures the hay by destroying some of its most valuable properties. Keep the hay as snug as possible at nightfall, cover the cocks if you have caps, and never open in the morning until the dew has evaporated.

II. If the weather is unfavorable, disturb the hay as little as possible. Hay has been found to preserve a great amount of its nutritive qualities for many days, often weeks, when mown wet, or when saturated with rain in the swath. If bad weather ensue, do not stir the hay at all. If repeatedly dried and wetted again it soon becomes valueless. The error of meddling with hay during frequent showers must be avoided, for it is better to have it somewhat tainted in the cock than exhausted of its nutriment and spoiled by being repeatedly spread.

III. Hay should not long remain under a hot sun without being turned. This preserves the color and fragrance of the grass, so that without burning it too much—thus destroying its virtues—it may be so dry that as little heating or fermenting as possible shall occur after it is mowed. Coarse grass does not require so much "making" in the sun as finer herbage.—*Maine Farmer.*

Specific Gravity of Milk.

The Milk Journal, recently commenting on the quality of milk, states that its density or specific gravity is not, as is generally understood, a safe criterion of the goodness of milk. According to the Journal—

Milk, when kept two or three days, often becomes actually lighter than water. This curious fact is somewhat difficult of credence, since milk contains about ten per cent. of solid matter. If correct, the great diminution in specific gravity can only be accounted for by some molecular changes in the milk, and perhaps by the evolution of gases. Some similar change in density also occurs when milk is shaken by transport. It is an important sanitary question, whether milk which has undergone such changes is safe food for man or animal. For young or delicate animals, or for babies, or for young calves, stale milk, or even milk which has been transported a distance of several miles, is often found to be injurious, producing readily acidity, and proving otherwise difficulty of digestion. The shaking of any considerable journey appears so to change the relation of the constituents of the milk to each other, that the curd does not afterwards properly separate from the whey, nor does the cream rise, as in fresh milk, to the surface. These changes are delayed when the milk, as is common in America, is rapidly cooled down so soon as it is drawn from the cow.

THE RIDDLER.

Metagram.

I am composed of three letters and am corrupt.
Change my first and I am a boy.
Change it again and I am enraged.
Change it again and I am to press tightly.
Change it again and I am sorrowful.
Change it again and I am to have owned.
Enterprise, S. C. EGO GEO.

Word Square.

A man's name.
A Hebrew word.
An arrow.
Comparative degree of an adjective meaning secure.
A passage. ERL.

Probability Problem.

If five pennies be piled up at random on a horizontal plane, what is the probability that the pile will not fall down?
ARTEMAS MARTIN.
McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a widow like growing potatoes? Ans.—Because her better half is under ground.

☞ Why is a lady's belt like a scavenger? Ans.—Because it goes round and gathers up the waist.

☞ Why is it natural that a young lady having seven lovers should desire to add another? Ans.—Because all ladies wish to fasten eight (fascinate).

☞ When is butter like Irish children? Ans.—When it is made into little pats.

Answers to Last.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—The raising of Samuel by the witch of Endor. ENIGMA—The letter E.

RECEIPTS.

SUNNYBANK SHORTCAKE (FOR FRUIT).—Two quarts flour, 2 tablespoonful lard, 3 butter, 2½ cups sour or buttermilk. "Loppered" cream is still better. 2 eggs well beaten, 1 teaspoonful soda dissolved in hot water, 1 teaspoonful salt.

Chop up the shortening in the salted flour as for pastry. Add the eggs and soda to the milk; put all together, handling as little as may be. Roll quickly and lightly into two sheets, the one intended for the upper crust fully half an inch thick, the lower less than this. Lay the latter smoothly and even in a well greased baking pan, strew it thickly with raspberries, blackberries, or what is better yet huckleberries; sprinkle 4 or 5 tablespoonsful of sugar over these, cover with the thicker crust, and bake from twenty to twenty-five minutes until nicely browned, but not dried. Eat hot for breakfast with butter and powdered sugar.

If sweet milk be used, add 2 tablespoonsful cream-tartar sifted into the dry flour. It should be mixed as soft as can be rolled. This shortcake is very nice made with the common "black caps" or wild raspberries.